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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

DURING the halcyon vacation times the oratorical clocks are being wound up for a vigorous congressional campaign. Chairman Babcock has opened his headquarters in New York for the Republicans and Chairman Griggs in Chicago for the Democrats, and the battle will soon be on—the contest for congressional supremacy, and it means more talking and more documents.

It is interesting to note how the plays are made during each session of congress to provide speeches and an array of campaign material in the Congressional Record in order that an adequate supply of "official" campaign material may be ready. Time was when an "official document," with the austere facsimile signature of a senator or congressman, awed the average

pastoral constituent, but the p. c. is becoming wiser. He sees the play and realizes that "official records" are not always strictly infallible.

One constituent complained to his congressman that he had not received

enough documents to keep well posted on current public affairs. When he arrived home he found a wagon backed up in front of his door, and the teamster tugging at enormous boxes.

"For gracious sake, Charles, what does all this mean?" said the fond wife, greeting him as she pointed to a second wagon coming up.

"Blessed if I know," said the p. c., in that innocent way a man assumes returning from Washington. "What is it all—"

"Books—just books and paper bound prints, and reports by the ton. Are you going to run

THE BRIGHT LITTLE DAUGHTER OF ELMER DOVER,
SECRETARY TO SENATOR HANNA



for president, or did you have one of those bad spells in your head, or—"

She stopped out of breath.

"Well, this shows what a congressman can do when he is spoken to. I merely mentioned that I desired some summer reading to post up on the campaign issues."

It was all there.

"Does the campaign take in all that?"

"Certainly, we are a world power, but dash that kind of a congressman!"

"The bill is \$146 for freight and carting."

"Is that all?" he gasped.

And Charles paid the freight in a McDuff like manner.

A letter was dispatched to that congressman that said enough that was anything but appreciative.

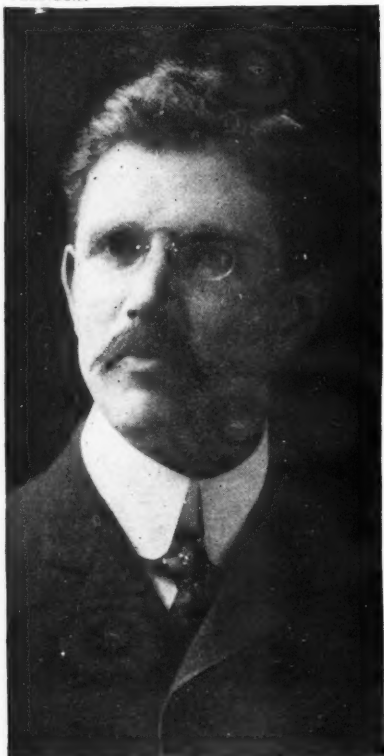
The congressman chuckled when he received it. "There's where we show our power and 'flooence," he reflected.

WALLACE H. WHITE, JR., NEPHEW AND PRIVATE SECRETARY OF SENATOR FRYE OF MAINE, PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE



There has always been a large number of strong, bright young men serving as

B. F. BARNES, ASSISTANT SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT



private secretaries at Washington, and from their ranks have come many congressmen and senators. They are almost as well known in the capital as their chiefs, and some are even more frequently seen on the floor of both houses and about the departments. Jerry A. Matthews with his genial, happy ways and pronounced good nature, reflects the character of his distinguished chief, Senator Fairbanks. Secretary Steele has Senator Scott's affairs on the various committees well in hand. In fact, the secretaries are in the head skirmish line on all public questions.

The title of the official secretary to the President was by act of congress changed from "private secretary" to "secretary to the President." The salary, however, remained the same—\$5,000 a year—as that of a senator or member of congress and the secretary to the President has placed at his disposal, by the government, a carriage and horses, a favor not bestowed upon either the President or members of congress. The reason for this discrimination against the chief executive in favor of his secretary has never been satisfactorily explained. It seems to have had its origin in a notion that the President's secretary had to come and go frequently between the White House and the departments of congress and that the carriage was a necessity which the government should

provide. If the private secretary ever had such duties to perform these have

JERRY A. MATTHEWS, SECRETARY TO
SENATOR FAIRBANKS



CHARLES S. LONG, SECRETARY TO ATTORNEY
GENERAL KNOX



long since been transferred to executive clerk and mounted messenger. If there ever was a conception of the office of secretary to the President which included an automatic performance of duties it has been dispelled by the fact that one President's private secretary, Daniel S. Lamont, stepped from that office in the succeeding term of his distinguished patron into the cabinet, and that the present popular secretary to the President, George B. Cortelyou, seems certain to go into the cabinet soon.



In recent years a large number of Washington newspaper correspondents have stepped from the ranks of their profession into the list of private secretaries to senators. The late Leland Stanford of California gave his entire senatorial salary to his secretary, Jonathan McCarthy, who left the Washington bureau

of the New York Herald to go into his service. George W. Ronzer, for several years head of the Washington bureau of the New York Herald, is secretary to Jonathan F. Dryden, the multi-millionaire senator recently sent to Washington from New Jersey. Senator W. A. Clark, the "copper king," whose annual income from the United Verde Copper Company is estimated at \$8,000,000, probably doesn't find it inconvenient to pay over his senatorial salary to his efficient secretary, George G. Gilliland, formerly secretary to the late Senator Calvin S. Brice of Ohio and previously for many years the head of the Washington bureau of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Senator McMillan of Michigan, who is chairman of the District of Columbia

and energy are now enlisted in developing the plans for the permanent improvement of the city of Washington in accordance with the Park Commission's

JAMES G. BLAINE AT 45



JOHN STEELE, SECRETARY TO SENATOR SCOTT



committee of the senate, has, as clerk of that committee and his confidential man, Charles Moore, a former Detroit newspaper man. Mr. Moore's great ability

plan. Senator Scott of West Virginia selected for his secretary John Steele of the Washington bureau of the New York Journal, and Senator Warren's secretary is Joseph A. Breckons, who came from Cheyenne a few years before to represent the Denver Republican and other Western newspapers.

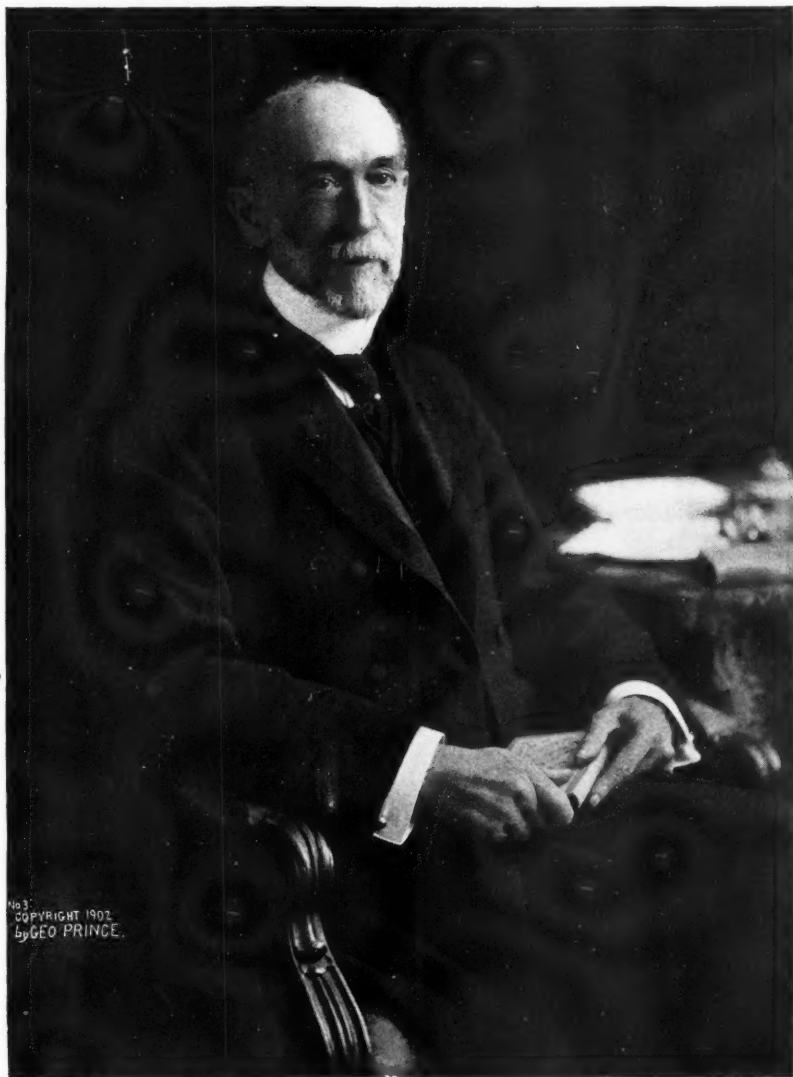


One of the best known senatorial secretaries is Elmer Dover, who came to Washington three years ago from Ohio to look after the interests of Senator Hanna. As may be imagined he is much sought after and generally a very busy man, for Senator Hanna's correspondence is the largest of any senator. Mr. Dover is a round faced, good natured, rotund personage with a cherubic smile. He is very popular and the fact that Senator Hanna turns over to him the greater part of his correspondence and departmental business is suffi-

cient guaranty of Mr. Dover's ability, for Senator Hanna is not given to trusting important work to inefficient hands.

Mr. Colin H. Livingstone, private secretary to Senator Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia is another well known

UNITED STATES SENATOR THOMAS COLLIER PLATT OF NEW YORK, WHO HAS RECENTLY PROMISED PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT A SOLID NEW YORK STATE DELEGATION IN THE NEXT REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION



and much sought after senatorial secretary. Senator Elkins' great wealth, mounting up into the millions, represented by great railroad and mining investments to which he gives his active personal attention although in politics, makes his correspondence unusually large. Mr. Livingstone is clerk of the Inter-State Commerce Committee of which Senator Elkins is chairman and which has important legislation pending before it requiring frequent meetings of the committee.

Public interest was focussed pretty strongly upon the attorney general's

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES BEARY LANDIS OF INDIANA

Mr. Landis is one of the editor congressmen. He was born in Ohio, but got his education in the Hoosier state, and was editor of the *Delphi, Indiana, Journal* when he won his first congressional nomination. His brethren of the Indiana republican press thought well enough of him to elect him president of their state association two terms. Mr. Landis has served in the fifty-fifth, fifty-sixth and fifty-seventh congresses, and has made his mark in the lower house as a man of more than average strength.



office during the beef trust agitation. And the coolest man of all in the excitement was that little giant, Attorney

CONGRESSMAN LESSLER OF NEW YORK CITY



General Knox. He has taken up the cares in lawyer like manner, probing for facts on which to try conclusions. Always courteous, he maintains his reserve force with an occasional holiday to Mount Vernon and elsewhere, and then when he works he puts into his efforts the enthusiasm which wins a case. I called at the department of justice during the days when matters were at their greatest tension. Private Secretary Long, with his quiet tact and pleasant ways, has been able to keep good natured under the stress of scores of visitors who all desired to see the attorney general "at once" and all at the same time.

The senators are always given precedence according to a time honored custom, no matter what previous appoint-

ments have been made. The legal papers presented are studied fore and aft and filtered pretty thoroughly of all dross and weak points. Mr. Long has a system of receiving that is very gracious. It was President McKinley who

W. H. GILBERT OF ASHLAND, WISCONSIN, THE ACKNOWLEDGED LEADER OF THE NORWAY PINE TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES

Mr. Gilbert's success illustrates admirably the trend of the times toward specialization, whether in scholarship, art or business. The tremendous industry represented by the lumber trade of America has produced many specialists, but none who has made a more striking success than Mr. Gilbert. He found opportunities where other men failed to see them, and with a genius for large affairs, which is one of the endowments of all leaders, he seized these opportunities and brought them into his service.



said, "A secretary can make or break his chief." The outside world little understand the important responsibilities devolving upon a secretary. He is often eyes, ears and spokesman for his chief. Mr. Long's desk shows that he is a thorough believer in system. Every letter and telegram and lengthy schedule appointment is timed to the minute and the perfect system goes on the tick of the historic old clock in the room.

Assistant Secretary to the President B. F. Barnes made his official debut

He was appointed to succeed Major Pruden, deceased.

There have been many champion hand shakers in the senate, but Senator Simmons of North Carolina is the champion head shaker. He gestures with his head more effectively than some speakers with their hands. The "bloody shirt" is not the occasion of so much fiery oratory as in times past, but the "red shirt" movement in North Carolina stirred up a lively debate, and brought forth an array of state political linen for an airing.

THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FARM, AS SEEN FROM THE MAIN ROAD, BETWEEN BAYARD AND MINERVA, OHIO

Photograph by C. E. Young, Painesville, Ohio
The farm consists of 161 acres and is in charge of "Jack" Adams. Mr. Adams has had the management of the place for twenty-one years



on the floor of the senate in announcing, in the time honored words and stately bow of colonial days, "a message from the President." Upon the appearance of the President's secretary at the door of the senate all business suspends. The form and bow is the same adopted by the Continental Congress. Mr. Barnes is a young man who has proven very capable in the White House work and has served under Mr. Cortelyou for some years past.

The contention of Senator Pritchard was that the race problem would lose much of its rancor if the colored vote were divided politically, and he quoted North Carolina election returns to prove that this situation was already a fact in that state.

Within the last decade western North Carolina has attracted the attention of many parts of the country and its

development has been quite marked; but in nothing can the North State pride herself more than in the success of her young men of pluck and perseverance. Possibly there are few more striking illustrations, in this country, of the possibili-

ties which await young men of character and will, than is found in the career of Representative Spencer Blackburn of that state. He is not yet thirty-four years of age, but a man of remarkable force and brilliancy, and few new mem-

CONGRESSMAN SPENCER BLACKBURN OF NORTH CAROLINA

Photograph by Prince

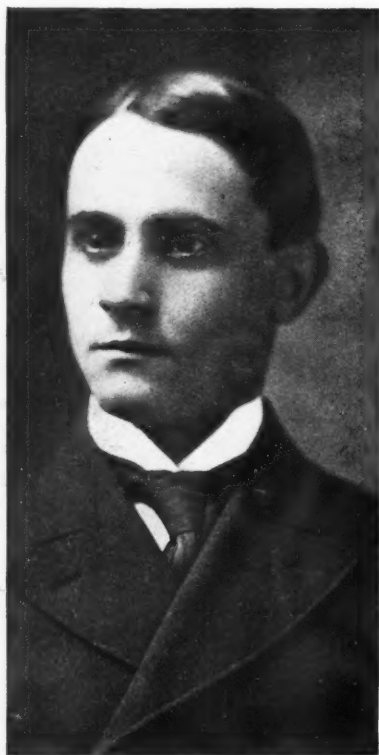


bers of congress are more generally and favorably known. He is a native of the district which he represents—was born upon a farm among the mountains of the "Tar Heel State," remote from the marts of trade and centers of population, of sturdy, honest parentage, of respectability and intelligence, but without money. Left an orphan in early life he mapped out for himself the career upon which he has started with marked and

signal success. The effective training of a frugal home life, and such rudiments of an early education as the sparsely

*CONGRESSMAN ASBURY FRANCIS LEVER OF
SOUTH CAROLINA*

Mr. Lever, not yet twenty-eight years old, is probably the youngest member of the house of representatives at Washington. He graduated from Newberry college with the honors of his class in 1895, became private secretary to the late J. William Stokes, who represented his district in congress, and on the death of that gentleman was elected to the vacant seat. Mr. Lever took law at Georgetown university, was a member of two state conventions and entered the state legislature in 1900. He had no opposition for the position he now holds.



settled community in which he first saw the light at that time afforded, added to a sprightly mind and strong will, composed the available capital of the future attorney and legislator.

He has possibly accomplished more

CONGRESSMAN CHAMP CLARK OF MISSOURI

There are few members of congress more widely known than Mr. Clark. He is one of the favorite campaigners of the democratic party, and a favorite as well at the Chautauqua institutes; he is a prolific writer on political themes, and in various ways has impressed his personality on the public mind. Mr. Clark has been a college president and a hired farm hand—and did well in both places. He is lawyer and has clerked in a country store. He has edited a newspaper and been prosecuting attorney. His service in congress covers four terms.



GEORGE BRINTON MCCLELLAN HARVEY OF NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Harvey has crowded a good many accomplishments into the years since 1864, when, in the little town of Peacham, Vermont, he first saw the light of day. He has been a reporter in Springfield, Mass., and Chicago; an editor of daily papers in New Jersey and New York, constructor and president of electric railways, insurance commissioner of New Jersey, colonel on the staff of two New Jersey governors, and is today one of the most conspicuously successful figures in the publishing world. In March, 1899, he bought the *North American Review*. In October of the next year, when the men in charge of the famous old house of Harper & Brothers were casting about for a head of the property, they selected Colonel Harvey. He has put new vigor into all the publications of the house.



in his first term of congress for his district than any member of that body, and in the lower house of the state legislature in 1897, and was elected speaker pro tempore of that body.

COLIN C. CAMERON, A PROMINENT ADVERTISING MAN

Mr. Cameron is the representative of the J. Walter Thompson company in Boston. He has made many remarkable successes for his clients, among them the makers of the O'Sullivan rubber heel and of the Boston garter



no one has made more prominent and influential friendships in the same length of time.

In 1890 he procured his law license, was admitted to the bar of his state and commenced practice. The Republican state convention of North Carolina, in the year 1892, nominated him for presidential elector for the state at large for Mr. Harrison, and he, together with Chief Justice Furches, who was then candidate for governor, canvassed the state. Mr. Blackburn was elected reading clerk of the North Carolina senate in the year 1895, represented his county

In March, 1898, he was appointed by President McKinley Assistant United States attorney for the western district of North Carolina, which position he held when elected to the fifty-seventh congress.

Mr. Blackburn is clean shaven, more than six feet high, has imposing physique, pleasant address, is possessed of personal magnetism, and talented beyond the range of most men. He is Republican in politics and his unanimous nomination the early part of last July to succeed himself, is only the compliment to which his unprecedented zeal in behalf of his constituents during his first term in congress justly entitles him. He is a good fighter and a talker of rare force and eloquence.

A slender lad with very red cheeks came from "up country" in Maine to Portland not so many years ago. He

had a rugged body and was good natured, with a fondness for big red apples, which he loved to eat with his feet cocked up on the stove during the winter days. At first he worked in a ticket office; then he picked up telegraphy from an instrument in the office. They used to joke with this up country lad.

He was Frank A. Munsey. They called him "Monday" for awhile, then changed it to "Tuesday" for variety. Then he went back "up country" as a full fledged operator and with an ambition still growing.

Later came the publishing fever.

That settled it. He went to New York and, nothing daunted by the experiences of Munsey's Weekly and the Continent; he made that courageous dash into the periodical realms with Munsey's Magazine, the great successful pioneer of the popular priced magazines. He took the dealers and readers right into his confidence and has made a remarkable suc-

Now it is a \$10,000,000 publishing corporation that this rosy cheeked lad who was fond of apples up in the Maine woods controls. They do not call him "Monday" or "Tuesday" any more—he is the whole week—the whole month, with Sundays thrown in.

Fifty years ago—and even later—the

FRANK A. MUNSEY



cess, and at the same time nursed his ambition to write stories and publish a boys' magazine—and Argosy is still at it, a prime favorite with young America.

drift of population in this country was almost altogether westward. Today the West begins to send many of her sons to the East to establish themselves. Four

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU, SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT AND PROBABLE FIRST SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

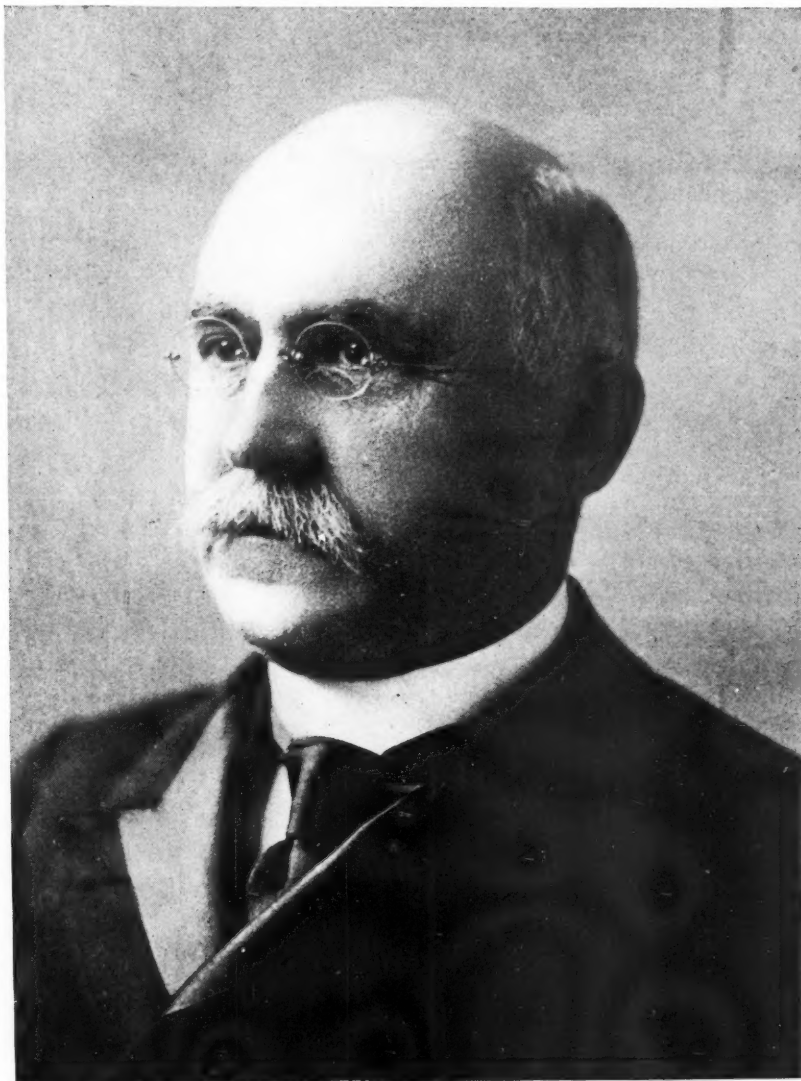
Mr. Cortelyou is a man of medium stature, low spoken, served by remarkably quick and true perceptions of the value of men and propositions, a master of organization and system—in short, admirably equipped for the duties of the new office for which, it is reported, the President has selected him. His grandfather, Peter Grollus Cortelyou, and George Bruce, were intimately associated with the type-founding industry in New York City, hence the Bruce in the name of the subject of this sketch. He prepared for Harvard at the normal school in Westfield, Mass., and began his official career in 1891, as secretary to the surveyor of the port of New York. In July of the same year he entered the post-office department, where he served until President Cleveland took him into the White House as executive clerk. He succeeded Mr. Porter as secretary to the President, under McKinley, and has handled the business of the executive office as no man ever did before him. He makes friends and keeps them. He is intrinsically a big man, one of the sort who make the most of every opportunity.



or five congressmen representing eastern states are western born. Scores and hundreds of successful business and professional men in eastern cities came in

UNITED STATES SENATOR HENRY EBEN BURNHAM OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

When New Hampshire in 1900 retired the lively and aggressive Senator William E. Chandler, she sent to Washington in his place a quiet, clear headed, undemonstrative lawyer—Mr. Burnham. This gentleman has passed through the several stages of preferment in state politics—judge of probate, county treasurer, state legislator, ballot law commissioner, member of the constitutional convention, and chairman of his party's state convention. Mr. Burnham is not an orator, but is demonstrating in the senate his possession of those qualities which count for power and usefulness in the upper house of the national congress.



THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER VACATION AT OYSTER BAY

John McCutcheon's cartoon in the Chicago Record-Herald



He first chops down a few trees.



Then has a little canter cross country.



After which he takes a brisk stroll of twenty miles.



He then gives the children a wheelbarrow ride.



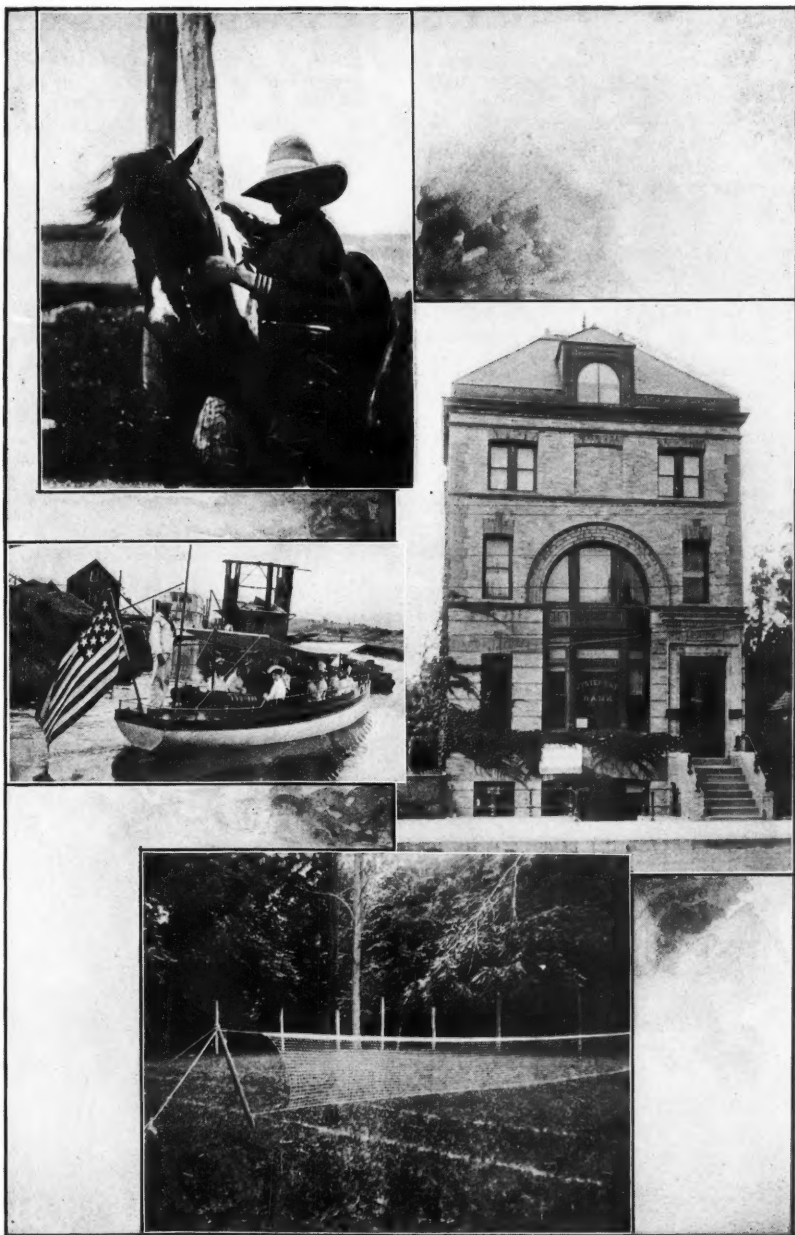
And rests a moment or two.



By which time he is ready for breakfast.

SNAP SHOTS FROM OYSTER BAY, THE AMERICAN SUMMER CAPITAL

The pictures show Master Kermit Roosevelt mounting his favorite pony; a party of guests going down to the President's yacht in his launch; the Oyster Bay bank building, which has been serving as a summer executive office, and a glimpse of the tennis court where the President and his son Theodore enjoy some lively tussles.



from western states. Boston has many such. Among them is Curtis G. Metzler, young in years, but already making a distinct mark for himself among the lawyers of the Puritan City. Mr. Metzler is an Iowan, born thirty-one years ago of good old Knickerbocker stock. His years, up to the thirteenth, were passed on the farm and in school. His family then returned to Pennsylvania, the home of his early ancestors. The boy had clear purposes. He meant to get the best out of life. At sixteen he came to Boston, mastered photography, became owner of two large studios, meantime fitting himself for his profession, and at twenty-four began to study law. He continued the business during his course at the Boston University Law School. Graduating, he sold his studios and opened law offices.

The same sterling qualities that gave him success in his first undertaking have served him well in the pursuit of his later profession. Honesty has been with him a cardinal principal and he has secured the confidence of many clients, including large corporations and business interests. Mr. Metzler is in demand as a ready and interesting speaker and is a member of many clubs and societies. He has a profitable practice, takes an active interest in church and public affairs, enjoys out of door sports, has found time to travel extensively in this country and Europe, and at the age when many men are just beginning a career, has won his place among the younger men who are soon to be the leaders of business, social and political life.

CURTIS G METZLER



JOHN MITCHELL, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA

One branch—the anthracite miners—of the great organization headed by Mr. Mitchell, is and for more than three months has been on strike. Mr. Mitchell has proved himself one of the strongest and most conservative leaders of organized labor in America. His influence prevented a sympathetic strike by the soft coal miners, which would have been a national calamity.

Photograph copyrighted by W. R. Hearst



The Philippine Civil Government Law

By HENRY CABOT LODGE,

United States Senator from Massachusetts

SO much has been said during the past few years about the Philippine Islands, both for and against our retention of them; what our purposes were in holding them, and the chances of our successful government there, that it may be of interest to look, in some detail, at the actual progress we have already made toward setting these people upon the path to representative government. The cry, raised for political purposes, has gone out from many quarters that we have done nothing for the natives of these islands, except kill great numbers of them; and the Democratic party, together with some other far less numerous but highly vocal organizations, opposed to our rule there, have tried to give the impression that it was the intention of the administration to keep the inhabitants of the Philippines in practical slavery for an indefinite number of years if not for all time.

Four years ago we made our first acquaintance with the Philippine Islands, and since then one of the great naval battles of history has been fought there, our Army and Navy together have taken the islands from the Spaniards and we have suppressed a serious insurrection followed by savage and protracted guerilla warfare. We have done all this in our years; peace has now come and with

it we have established, by a law passed at the last session of congress and approved by the President, civil government in all the archipelago except those portions occupied by the Moro and other non-Christian tribes. It must also be remembered that, even during the time of the insurrection, civil government, by order of the President, was inaugurated in many provinces of the islands. Let us now look at the bill which has recently become law, after a great deal of opposition on the part of those who say we are doing nothing to advance the interests of the natives of the Philippines. It is a curious thing, be it said in passing, that the bill providing for civil government in these islands should have met with such strenuous resistance from so many persons in and out of congress who say they are opposed to military rule and are crying out so loudly about the injustice we have dealt out to the Filipino.

The Philippine act declares in the first section that the action of the President of the United States in creating the Philippine commission and authorizing said commission to exercise the powers of government is approved; that future appointments of governor, vice-governor, members of the commission and the heads of executive departments shall

be made by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the senate of the United States, and that the tariff and customs levied and collected in the islands, from the beginning of the American occupation up to the passage by congress of the tariff law now in force, are also approved. Then follows a section defining the status of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands who are entitled to the protection of the United States.

The bill of rights occupies the next section and is similar to that embodied in the amendments of our constitution, omitting only the right to bear arms and to have a trial by jury, for which the people are not yet ready or fit.

When it shall have been certified to the President by the Philippine commission that a condition of general and complete peace exists in the islands, the law provides that the President shall order a census to be taken, which shall inform the President and Congress and the Philippine commission as to the numbers, age, sex, race, or tribe, whether native or foreign born, literacy in Spanish, native dialect or language, or in English, school attendance, ownership of homes and industrial and social statistics. Two years after the completion of the census, if complete peace has meantime been maintained throughout the islands, exclusive of the territory inhabited by Moros or other non-Christian tribes, the President is authorized to direct the Philippine commission to call a general election for the choice of delegates to a popular assembly of the people in the islands which is to be known as the Philippine assembly and

this body, with the Philippine commission as an upper House, is to be the legislative authority of the islands. The assembly is to consist of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred members, to be apportioned among the provinces as nearly as possible according to the population. Each province must have at least one member, and each member is to serve for two years. The first meeting of the legislature is to take place on the call of the governor within ninety days after the election. It is provided in the law that at the first meeting of the legislature there shall be chosen two resident commissioners to the United States.

The chief justice and associate justices of the supreme court of the islands are hereafter to be appointed in the same way as the members of our own supreme court.

Provision is made for the improvement of the harbors of the islands, and for the construction of bonded ware houses, wharves, piers, light houses, and signal and life saving stations.

All the property acquired by the United States under the treaty of peace is turned over to the government of the islands to be administered for the benefit of the people thereof.

All the public lands are to be classified according to their agricultural character and productiveness and rules and regulations made at once for their lease and sale, which must receive the approval of the President and of congress. At the same time, the Philippine commission is directed to see that all natives who held land prior to the transfer of sover-

eignty from Spain to the United States, but who were unable to perfect their titles, be allowed to complete their titles without compensation. This provision will be of the greatest benefit to the natives, as will the section of the act which provides that any native who now occupies a part of the public domain, except timber and mineral lands, may be given without price, or allowed to purchase, sixteen hectares of land. Corporations are permitted to purchase 1,024 hectares of land. Ample provision is made for the preservation of the forests, and all money received from the sale or lease of any part of the public domain goes into the treasury of the islands, as do all the other revenues.

Mineral lands are open to discovery under provisions of the act which are a combination of the British-American and Spanish mining laws.

One of the most beneficial provisions of the law is that part which relates to the purchase by the Philippine government of the lands of the religious orders.

There is no one thing more desired by the natives than the acquisition of these lands belonging to the friars but occupied by the natives. These lands are to be bought and bonds issued to pay for them, and the lands so acquired are to be sold to the natives on suitable terms.

Municipalities, subject to the approval of Congress, are to be allowed to issue bonds for public improvements, such as the construction of sewers, and water supplies, not to exceed five per cent of the assessed valuation of the property of each municipality. The city of Manila,

however, is granted the right, on account of extraordinary needs, to borrow \$4,000,000 for its public improvements.

Franchises may be granted in the islands, but the provisions of the bill were drawn with the utmost care and are based upon the corporation laws of Massachusetts. Ample opportunity is given to capital, but the restrictions are very rigid.

The construction of a mint is authorized at Manila, and suitable subsidiary and minor coins are provided for, under the coinage laws of the United States, which, so far as applicable, are extended to the islands.

There are many other minor provisions of the act which will be of benefit to the islands, but space will not permit me to go into them here in detail. I have touched, however, on most of the larger features of the law. The passage of the bill proves, I think, that the purpose of the American people in these islands is of the best and our motives the highest.

No Asiatic people has ever had so large a degree of popular representative government either given or promised to them. It is a great experiment, one new to the world, but the Republican party, at least, believes that with time and patience, both in large measure, we can solve the problem of the government of Eastern tropical possessions in accordance with American principles. If we abandon the Philippines now we not only shirk a great responsibility but we turn the islands over to bloodshed and anarchy, which can result only in their absorption by some strong European power or by Japan.

A German Water Party

Being an Alpine Tramp With Some Learned Councilors of Munich

By *POULTNEY BIGELOW*,

Author of "White Man's Africa," "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc.

THANK GOD FOR GERMANY! This is the grateful outburst of us who come from afar to sit at the feet of learned scholars in the fields of philosophy, history, art, music—nearly every department of intellectual gymnastics.

Let me illustrate.

Last week the Lord Mayor of this Royal Residence of Bavaria entertained a party of scientists who had been called together for the purpose of inspecting the water supply of Munich. Of this party was the illustrious Luigo Brentano, head of the University and known throughout the English speaking world as an authority in sociology and political economy. He is a man whose time is cut up as carefully as that of John Hay, yet no slice of that time appears in his eyes more important than that sacrificed to municipal affairs.

It would take some stretch of imagination to place President Eliot of Harvard or Thomas Edison or Captain Mahan in the councils of the New York board of aldermen:—the spirit of Boss Tweed,—nay, even the trans-Atlantic telepathy of Mr. Croker, would send a jarring thrill through such a combination. Yet I have seen in the municipal senate of Berlin, Mommsen the historian, Virchow the pathologist, Professor Koch the bacteriologist—and others of that caste, giving their time and precious judgment on matters affecting the health and happiness of their fellow citizens—giving

it cheerfully and without money payment.

My invitation to this tour of inspection indicated 5:45 a. m. as the hour at which we were to board a special train which was to take us from Munich to the foot of the Alps. At half past five I was on hand—tho to be frank, that is an hour which I had hitherto associated rather with late bed than early rising.

The rest of the party was equally prompt—there was no one under the rank of a professor save my humble self—we were nearly a dozen, if my memory serves. One was a chief engineer in charge of hydraulic machinery, there was a chief forester who cultivated the ever-green plantations in the region where the precious water was stored; he was charged with the duty of seeing that nothing offensive intruded itself into these Alpine streams. Then I had the honor of meeting Professor Oberhummer, chairman of the Munich Geographical Society and author of learned treatises on the Himalayas and Caucasus. There were two town councilors who represented the tax paying element. Then there was a hofrath or royal councilor and a professor of medicine, who was there to represent municipal sanitation. There was also an architect, a civil engineer, an administrative farmer. In sum—they represented each a specialized branch of knowledge—they made

up a little municipal encyclopedia in which was contained pretty nearly everything worth knowing on the subject of the water supply of Munich.

We steamed out into the country for about one hour to Darching, a little station twenty miles from town—and who can describe the delicious effect of the early morning air blowing across the newly mown meadows or through abundant forests of pine and balsam! Munich is a charming city in its geographical situation—a mountain torrent rushes through its streets, the Alps are within easy bicycle run—the ever lasting springs are its water supply—and all this in addition to municipal advantages comparing favorably with those of any of the world's capitals.

At Darching we were met by two stalwart lads in the dress of chamois hunters, bare knees, short leather breeches and a triumphant feather at the back of their felt hats. These William Tell looking giants offered to carry our several cloaks, while the chief forester stalked on ahead to show the way up to the sources of Munich water. We tramped through a beautiful forest along the banks of a stream full of trout and soon came to a masonry structure suggesting an entrance into the mountain side—some vast refuge well barricaded. But when the iron door was opened, we found ourselves at the point where a mighty rush of spring water came tumbling into a small masonry basin from which it went through monster pipes on its mission of health to the Bavarian capital. I have forgotten how many millions of gallons or quarts come gushing out of the living rock at this point—to say nothing of half a dozen similar points in this favored neighborhood; at any rate it is sufficient for the most extravagant, and Munich has at all seasons an inexhaustible supply of delicious cold spring water; not

merely the needful supply for drinking, cooking and washing, but plenty to spare for her immense breweries and a large number of ornamental fountains which make the city seem cool on the hottest days of dusty summer. And the temperature of this water is ever the same, winter and summer.

All this water comes out of the springs in the mountain side; and, from what I could see, all the conditions are favorable to purity. But Munich is not yet satisfied, for the city purse is steadily purchasing all the farms of the immediate neighborhood in order to control whatever can directly or indirectly influence this water. Thus, in a few years we shall have here, at the base of the Alps, a vast ornamental forest, maintained as a national park for the sole purpose of protecting the sources of its water supply.

When we reflect upon the filthy stuff that is pumped up and doled out to the thirsty Parisians and Londoners—the water of the well worn Thames and Seine—when we note that New Yorkers today will not drink the Croton water if they can possibly afford something else, that Berlin pumps her water from the oozy Spree—in this wise we can measure the boon enjoyed by Munich.

By nine o'clock, after two hours of tramping, we emerged upon a forest inn where the burgermeister had waved his municipal magic ahead of us; and we sat down to breakfast in the midst of a bower reared in honor of the occasion. In the best of Munich beer we drank many toasts to the best of water! The burgermeister even had some special municipal wine sent out ahead—some wine which the City of Munich may drink only on occasions of official solemnity.

It was a very happy party—indeed all German parties are happy so long as no

one talks politics. The German has not yet learned to take his politics lightly. Religious matters he can discuss with perfect ease—that matter is to him as remote as the canoe of Hiawatha. But once mention Boer, or Kiaochow, or Philippines—then my German friend closes his eyes like the bull in the Spanish arena and the friendship of years goes to smash on a subject about which his evidence is as that which sustains Lourdes or the school of Christian Science.

So we avoided politics and made instead a symposium on the scientific treatment of municipal problems and the superiority of Bavaria over North Germany.

"Let me assure Your Worship," remarked the Court Councilor, that in North Germany we should miss the complete simplicity of intercourse that is characteristic of our rugged Southern people!"

"Certainly, Mr. Court Councilor, I agree perfectly with you, answered His Worship, 'what is your opinion, Mr. Privy Councilor?'"

"If I might venture an opinion, Mr. Court Councilor and Your Worship, I should say that what pains me most in North Germany is to note that people lay much stress upon titles, whereas with us—but what do you think, Mr. Ministerial Councilor?"

"Just my opinion, Mr. Privy Councilor, which I have the honor of sharing with Mr. Court Councilor and His Worship—just my opinion exactly; here the man is a man—there the man is merely a title. Think you not so, Mr. Royal Sub-inspector of Water Meters?"

"Who am I that I should not agree with Mr. Court Councilor and His Worship on such a matter—for me the Berlin man is but an official stick on which to pin a title—"

And thus we gabbled on with our mouths full of one another's titles—sagely

condemning the wretches of Berlin who lacked our rugged simplicity! And thus do many of us discuss the political condition of our neighbors from the purpose of comparing them unfavorably with what we fancy to be our superior condition.

But who can blame the Munich man? Not I, for one.

We subsequently climbed to the top of the Taubenberg (2,700 feet); a mountain forming part of the municipal territory which guards the Munich springs. Here the munificent burgermeister had prepared another banquet and here exquisite stein wine was spilled in honor of still more exquisite water. I have heard many publicans deplore any improvement in the water supply on the ground that good water would diminish the number of those who would buy wine and beer. This view does not appear to be justified by reference to Munich, where the people all drink abundantly of excellent water, but at the same time do full justice to beer and wine.

The good water of Munich has, no doubt, much to do with the physical health and beauty which first impressed me in a casual stroll through the streets. It seems to me that there are more handsome women and stalwart men in a given time about the parks of this little Bavarian capital than under analogous conditions in London or New York—to say nothing of Berlin or Paris. It cannot be proved that water alone produces this effect, but it is appreciated scientifically that a generous supply of water is good for our digestion, provided that it is not drunk in haste or during meals. A notable feature of many of the famous health resorts consists in drinking before breakfast several goblets of water: that alone, combined with much open air exercise and simple diet, performs cures which are little short of miraculous. I have no doubt that the good which we

derive from a summer in the Alps comes not alone from climbing, excellent as it is, but from the abundant spring water which we take frequently throughout the day under favorable conditions.

When shall we awaken to the importance of this great question? It is after all the simplest imaginable—merely to bring good water in pipes for a few miles, a hundred or so. England is full of good water—the mountains of Wales offer an inexhaustible supply, to say nothing of Windermere. New York could make no better investment than to purchase the Adirondacks and hold them as a reservoir for the city. Paris has for years talked of tapping the Lake of Geneva. But all these projects halt and stumble over the question of cost, as though a few pennies more or less were to be for a moment considered as against the millions of mothers and babies who today suffer for want of pure water.

Good water for New York would mean

an expenditure equivalent to a few weeks of warfare in the Philippines—it would represent so small a tax that it could be practically ignored. As for London such a work should be classed as imperial in its scope and purpose. It is not the interest of a few acres of brick and mortar that are to be consulted, but the demands of the whole English speaking world from Hong Kong to Melbourne, from the Cape to the Zambesi—aye, from the Bay of Fundy to the Golden Gate. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, there London stands for the world's metropolis and when she hesitates over such a matter, then indeed the world has cause for anxiety.

At nine that night we were once more in Munich—after fifteen hours of tramping in Alpine forests—a day of scientific deliberations over the needs of a city, a day memorable as furnishing one more answer to the question—why is Germany pushing ahead so fast?

MY SKIES ARE SELDOM GRAY

I'VE had my share
Of carking care,
Of fickle Fortune's frowns;
I've braved and borne
The cold world's scorn,
And had my ups and downs.
Yet I can still
A ditty trill
Or sing a roundelay;
For though I hold
Nor lands nor gold,
My skies are seldom gray!

The stress and strife
Of toilsome life
Have taught me one glad truth
Not he who *must*
Crawls in the dust,
But he who *will*—forsooth!

And so I sing
My song, and fling
My load of care away;
For though I hold
Nor lands nor gold,
My skies are seldom gray!

I would not give
A fig, to live
Divorced from fret and toil;
The bread I eat
Is rendered sweet,
Because of daily toil.
And so I still
A ditty trill—
A blithesome roundelay;
For though I hold
Nor lands nor gold—
My skies are seldom gray!

James Ball Naylor

Mary Ellen's Sacrifice

By LOUIS V. JEFFERSON

MARY ELLEN lived on the "Point". Other people lived on the "Point". They lived in houses—cottages—built in rows, and each row named. The names were "Cabbage Row", "Poverty Row", "Hell's Dozen", "Roosevelt Flats"—classic names given by classic people. Mary Ellen wore clothes,—dresses—but they were only called so out of respect to the law. *She* called them rags, and Mary Ellen had troubles. The "troubles" were various and took sundry shapes. Sometimes they were in her hair and they made the teacher turn up her pretty nose with a nameless shrinking whenever she touched that mop of stringy, sticky, dead-gold stuff, and then go furiously to work with fine tooth comb and "ointment of fishberry." Then Mary Ellen had other troubles, not of herself, but touching her family, which were private and not for publication, though the *pater* sometimes got *his* name in print among the jail notices. He was different from the mater; less of a philosopher, for *she* kept her drunkenness quiet and confined the trouble she raised strictly to Mary Ellen.

As there is always some star somewhere, even in the darkest night, Mary Ellen was not without light. She went to "Mission". What was "Mission"? Mechanically and physically it was an abandoned factory on the river front, cleaned up and garnished with a dozen much whittled pews, a pine rostrum, a "dinky little pul-pit", as Mary Ellen called it, some colored pictures, a stove and an atmosphere of sanctity. Spiritually it was a MAN! A sure enough man!

Not an old man; not over twenty-eight, and "he didn't have no whiskers on his face," but he was a MAN, anyway! Her woman's heart told her that. He was brave and he didn't fear any one, "even pap", and he wouldn't "rush the can", or he wouldn't smoke or chew, or—it is as much by what a man will not do as by what he does that he gains most respect sometimes,—and more than that, he was a preacher; and he wasn't always trying to "git in a fight" or "givin' ye th' gaff" whenever you spoke to him; all of which might prove to a man up a tree, first, the standard Mary Ellen had to judge men by, and second, the fact that Mary Ellen had carefully judged the preacher by her standard, and—and—well, and did not hate him.

Mary Ellen went to "Mission."

She generally felt like writing it in capitals and making a long stop when she came to it; it was such a relief when Mission days came. They came on Sundays, when one must wash and dress and put on one's shoes and go sit on a bench and kick the shins of the girl who crowded too close, and sing until one's little throat cracked. My, how she did love to sing!

Then they came on Friday afternoons when the Bernadine Sewing Club met, and Brother Reed, the preacher and the man, cut out quilt rags for those twenty-seven little tots of the tribe of Mary Ellen, and talked to them as a playmate, and heard all their stories and stroked their hair (without turning up his nose, which they appreciated) and told them about Jesus.

Brother Reed was a Theological Student in a Baptist Seminary, and Brother Reed was Mission Preacher "bechune times." Brother Reed was ambitious, emotional, sentimental, and idealistic. Brother Reed believed people had souls. Mary Ellen's dad said Brother Reed was a fool!—a qualified, variegated, assorted and selected fool and *he* dared *him* to "come botherin' 'round *him* with none o' his guff," else *he* (the dad) would "show him what was what!" So Brother Reed—came!

Mary Ellen crouched under the front window with shoulders shrunk up to her ears and every muscle tense as when one nerves one's self to receive a beating, and she held her breath and waited for the "showing". Later, when she found nothing exciting was transpiring, she climbed up and peeped in the window and saw Brother Reed and Dad both kneeling on the floor by the hearth, praying, and Dad was crying, and Mary Ellen looked on the preacher ever afterward as the one and only man who wasn't afraid. Yes, Brother Reed believed people had souls; and he labored to save them.

Others labored. Miss Allen labored. Miss Allen belonged to the great down town church that supported the Mission. Miss Allen met Brother Reed at a church social—once—and Miss Allen looked into the eyes of Brother Reed—once!—and then Miss Allen caught her breath and winked her beautiful long lashes assiduously as when one's eyes are dazzled—and looked again! Looked into the work of Brother Reed; looked into the heart of Brother Reed—and then Miss Allen found a wonderfully pertinent and persistent call from the "Divine above" to go into Mission work and teach kindergarten to the "Point" infants. And the "Point" infants dubbed her a "good thing" and claimed her and her ginger cakes and her paper dolls and games as their legitimate prey. You will

observe there is a difference between the "pray" of Miss Allen as applied to the infants and of Brother Reed as applied to Dad *et al*, as compared with the "prey" of the aforesaid infants.

The Kindergarten was held in the abandoned factory. The Fates smiled and looked knowing, and Destiny spun busily at her distaff—and Brother Reed cut quilts and preached.

The Bernadine Club had many members—twenty-seven; Nora Butler and Arabel Woodley and Inez Fawbush—15, in the sixth grade—girls that were proud and haughty to such as were of the age of Mary Ellen. Also the Bernadine Club had a *pledge*! The pledge said, "I promise to work for Jesus." Mary Ellen promised. The pledge said, "I promise to give up every thing for Jesus." Mary Ellen was always "broke", even to the piece of doll she claimed, so she promised freely with little fear of sacrifice. It said again, "I promise to love my playmates and neighbors," and—and—but then, the pledge, you know, had been written before Nora or Arabel or Inez had ever been thought about, and—and—she had signed it before they came. Besides, what was a neighbor? Inez told lies on her; Nora laughed at her dress, and Arabel mocked her when she was crying on a day sacred to a maternal drunk, and she "h-a-t-e-d, *hated* every durn one o' them, so there! Huh! What was a neighbor?"

Mary Ellen loved Brother Reed. Have you guessed it? Others loved Brother Reed. Let us cease to generalize. Let us be more definite and particular. Let us say *another* loved Brother Reed. Mary Ellen would do anything for her hero, give up anything for him, sign anything for him, go any place, bear any shame, make any sacrifice—but she never said so. She bound it up in her heart and sealed it in her eyes, and spent her life looking into his face and—sticking the needle in her finger,

(for she only lived on Mission days, and who could sew when he was around?) So also did "the other". And one was nine and one was—quien sabe? Who can ever tell the age of a modern woman?

The Bernadine Club sewed. Sewed quilt pieces and doll dresses and hemmed towels which Brother Reed cut out, (and oh, for the straightness of the cut!) and the Bernadine Club sold them; sometimes for a dollar, sometimes for only six bits, sometimes for one, depending on how much Brother Reed had left over on his week's expenses from the amount received from home. Then the Bernadine Club spent the money on medicines and clothes and canned soups and bandages, and the Club members scoured the commons, and the "Cabbage Rows," and the "Roosevelt Flats," and all those nice, clean places which so seldom (one would think) ever needed scouring, for the children that were sick, and ministered to them.

Many things happened. Fortune and misfortune; good and bad. First came measles, then came mumps, then Lent. It never rains but it pours, and it "poured." Lent! Everybody got hungry and tired—and the balance got sick. Inez got sick. Mary Ellen frowned and turned away when she heard it. Arabel took mumps and her pretty jaws swelled up like an empty sugar bowl with a napkin tied around it, and, in the bitterness of a certain memory, Mary Ellen saw her and laughed and mocked as she had been mocked, and because Arabel was an embryo woman, and the thrust was at her beauty, the steel entered her soul and she wept. Then Nora took sick, and Mary Ellen rejoiced, though silently. Fortunes good and fortunes bad, but Mary Ellen felt that *hers* was good, and that her star had risen.

Other things happened. Brother Reed dreamed dreams and saw visions. Brother Reed told them that presently Easter was coming. Easter meant

Resurrection. What did Resurrection mean? Mary Ellen decided that it had to do with eggs and dresses, since that was all she heard about. Brother Reed said it had to do with Jesus. Perhaps Jesus had eggs and a new dress to wear, like in the pictures. She was curious. She liked sensations. She would like to help Jesus get these things, so she would look and listen. Brother Reed urged that many join the church and prepare for the Easter baptism. What was baptism. What was baptize? She asked 'Lecta Bowling, her schoolmate. 'Lecta said, "Oh, it's gittin' in a tub in front o' people in th' church, an' th' preacher gasses a little 'bout somethin' I don't know what, an' ducks you plum down to th' bottom, an' you're baptized." She knew! Taking a bath! Right out in front of the people, too! She (Mary Ellen) didn't like to take a bath! She preferred to wash at home a little at a time in the bowl. Besides, she couldn't do that, in front of Brother Reed!—not with nothing on, she added to herself.

Palm Sunday came. Brother Reed stood up by the dinky pulpit and shouted:

"In those days came John the Baptist from the Wilderness crying out, 'Repent ye! Repent ye!' for the kingdom of heaven was at hand." What was repent? Somebody shouted "Amen," and two sisters got converted. One was tall and slim and cross-eyed and wore a wen becomingly under her left chin and had no teeth, and the other was short and fat and oily. Mary Ellen shuddered at the thought of *such* ladies taking a bath before *her* Brother Reed. She did not understand "converted." 'Lecta Bowling could give no satisfactory light and she pondered. She was nine. The older people get, the less they ponder about conversion before or after—more's the pity.

Brother Reed preached sacrifice. Brother Reed said, "Give up all you

have to God. Sell all you have and give to the Poor and the Afflicted, and come and follow me.' Mary Ellen started. Come and follow *him!* Her little heart quivered and her soft brown eyes turned inward on a mental survey of all she might sell to follow him. So also did the heart and eyes of another whose age was uncertain. Beyond her doll, which was broken, Mary Ellen found nothing but Time. But wait. What was the matter with selling that? With working? She believed she would. She would gather bottles and sell them, and she would carry milk for Mrs. Morrison. She earned money. By Friday (Good Friday)—Mission Day—she had earned all of twenty cents. Next came "Help the afflicted." What was "afflicted?" 'Lecta said "afflicted wuz them that wuz sick, had mumps er croup er any old thing." 'Lecta was eleven and knew much of the world, and Mary Ellen loved her dearly—but 'Lecta shocked her terribly when she said "mumps er any old thing." A vision of Arabel with jaws that were swollen loomed before her. She shut her eyes and turned away. She held down her head and "scrouged" up her shoulders and hid the twenty cents under a board behind the steps.

Mission day came and the Bernadine Club met, and then came the moment of heart-thobbing thrills. Brother Reed was in the same room with her and the other twenty-four (three were sick), spoke to her, touched her hair, smiled gently as he noticed how neatly she had it combed, sat before her and threaded her needle and laughed happily into her hungry little face. Brother Reed was a Preacher! Brother Reed was a MAN!

Brother Reed asked them who was going to join the church? Seven held up their hands, and he asked them if they were converted. They said "Um hum," and nodded and looked about on the others with added importance. Mary Ellen thought of the bath and held down

her head for shame of the Brazen Ones. Brother Reed said he hoped they were sure about it. He hoped they would all love Jesus and serve him, and Jesus had said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," and Jesus had *commanded* "Love your enemies; forgive them that despitefully use you; bless and curse not!" For Brother Reed heard much of the quarrels of the children, though they knew it not.

Mary Ellen glanced quickly at him, and her lips tightened. He was looking at some one else. She held down her head, and would *not* listen.

Suddenly the door opened and Miss Allen came in from her kindergarten department to visit the Club. She saw him bending over a child, correcting its sewing, while the afternoon sun gilded his wavy brown hair and strong, clear features. Miss Allen stood very still and her bright eyes sparkled. She would not speak—only sing, way down behind her lips. Then he saw her.

There is a strain in the Music of the Spheres written by the God above, pulsing forever through the eternal skies, that voiced the song that welled up in their hearts in that single glance. Brother Reed looked long and rapturously and one hand went partly out to her, then clutched itself against his breast as he thought of the children and controlled himself. His face was fire red, and he laughed foolishly—but he was happy.

Miss Allen spoke. The tone—not the words—did the talking. Mary Ellen saw her, heard her; saw him, saw his color; saw her sparkling up to him with eyes full of radiant worship—and in that moment Mary Ellen hated her.

The words of Brother Reed floated back to her, "Love thy enemies!" She paused. Did Jesus mean for her to love Miss Allen, or Arabel or Inez? Did Jesus ever know Brother Reed or the loss of him? She took a sudden resolve.

Another woman took a sudden resolve! Both women had money—one had all of twenty cents. Both loved a preacher who was ambitious to have a successful Easter for his Master. Both decided to help him, and make a sacrifice for him, and to buy him lilies.

That Mission day was a failure. Saturday was worse—for *one* woman. For the other it was a glorious God-given success and she gave a prayer to God and a tremendous order to her florist. God took the prayer for what it was worth and filed it away with a smile, perhaps, for a woman's prayer is always curious, but the florist filled the order with care and consideration, and on Sunday—Easter—when the congregation gathered and Brother Reed stepped out of his little study, the tiny rostrum and the edge of the baptismal pool were glorious in their Easter offering.

The other did likewise—as to the florist—only the order was more modest and she had to walk a mile early Sunday morning to get it—one single pot, with a single lily!

Coming back she met 'Lecta gorgeous in her new flannelette dress and beaming with news. Arabel had had a relapse and couldn't come out. "What was a relapse?" "Oh—er—got 'em again." Mary Ellen started. Did it mean "jagged"? Dad "had 'em" only Saturday night. No; it meant Arabel had exposed herself before the end of her measles (for she had caught them too) and had received a set back.

Somehow Mary Ellen could not rejoice. The words of Brother Reed haunted her: "Sell all though hast and give to the poor and the afflicted, and follow me." Would it be following Him to give the lily to the afflicted on that beautiful Easter? To Arabel, for instance? Something said that it would, and she suddenly made up her mind to do it. She *did* love Jesus and she loved Brother Reed, and she wanted to follow

both of them. She was not "converted"; no; for she could not take that bath in front of them, but she did *love* him and she would do it.

Then the real struggle came—the temptation to give *him* the thing as her sacrifice, and finally she compromised by deciding to take it and show it to him and then take it to the sick girl who lived just beyond the Mission.

When she reached the door of the church it was almost time for service, and Brother Reed was standing on the threshold, speaking to the congregation as it arrived. When he saw her, his face lighted with a new smile (for Brother Reed was not blind to all the tragedy of the "Point") and he held out his hand.

"Why, how do you do, Mary Ellen? Where did you get that pretty flower? Is that for me, too?"

She noticed the "too", but did not understand. She was too busy nerving herself for the final test. She did so long to throw it at his feet and jump into his arms. She never had been kissed at home, and she was just hungry for a caress such as she had given her dolly. She did hope that some day he'd understand her sacrifice and that she did it to follow Him! and she said, "Yes, sir; I bought it for you, but—but —(her face was red and hot and she had put the flower into his outstretched hand, while her moist little fingers crumpled her handkerchief nervously) but I couldn't buy only one cos I couldn't make only twenty cents, and—and I thought you'd rather have me give it to th' afflicted and fol—follow y—yo—Him, an' Arabel's got th' measles, an' I want y—you t'smell—" She could get no further. The tears *would* come, and she sobbed with a strange emotion.

His face grew wondrously tender and he seemed to hear, as the Saviour had heard, that other Sabbath in the old Judean Temple, the clink of the Widow's mite in the box of the Treasury. Bend-

ing, he put the pot in her arms, and raising her face, kissed it gently, while her heart stood still. He tried to speak but choked, and with a sudden mistiness, patted her head and pointed up the street. She looked up and smiled through the tears. She had had the *kiss*! Great God, how beautiful was the day! Gone were all the bitter thoughts and struggles. Only gentleness remained and the supremest victory—and the lily. Converted? Oh, perhaps; all but the bath, but she forgot all that and ran off smiling.

When she came back they had been singing, and Brother Reed was just mounting the rostrum to speak. Then she saw the other lilies and her heart went cold. Who could have done it? The other woman? She turned and found in the pew beside her the hated Miss Allen.

Brother Reed saw her pause uncertain in the aisle, and called her to him. "Come here, Mary Ellen." He was smiling and she went up shyly, blushing and wondering. He took her up among the beautiful flowers, and opening the great Bible, read, "And Jesus took a little child and set it among them, and said, 'Except ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'" Then he told them of the pot of lilies and the sacrifice.

"Friends, you think the flowers before you are beautiful, and so do I, and words of mine will never measure the thanks I feel to the woman who gave them; but listen: Once Christ stood, as I do, in a

temple, and people made their gifts, and He saw the rich cast in much out of their abundance, and He saw a widow who was poor cast in two mites, which made a little farthing, and He said to His disciples as I say to you, that that poor widow, like this child, had cast more into the treasury than they all, for *she* had given all she had." And once more he stooped and kissed her.

She went back to the pews again somehow, while the congregation sat hushed and awed, except for one fervent "Amen." And the next thing she knew, she was clasped in the arms and nestling against the breast of one Miss Allen, while two red lips pressed her dead gold tresses and two tears fell on her cheeks.

"Don't you want to be baptized, too, dear?" Miss Allen asked later on, when the minister had called for converts.

"No'm. I don't want t' take a bath in front o' all these people, an'—and—Brother Reed!" came the blushing reply, and Miss Allen laughed merrily.

"Oh, it isn't taking a bath! You wear a beautiful white robe. No one will see you. I will fix you up." And then there came an inner light to the baby and she smiled at her own fears.

For the rest of the time she sat very silent, and rested very close with her busy little brain against a busy little heart, that beat in a mutual love for a noble man; but for who—for Brother Reed or for Jesus, neither Mary Ellen nor Miss Allen could tell.

Can you?

LOUISVILLE, Ky.

VACATION

BACK to the country place that gave me birth,
Leaving behind the city's stress and storm;
To lie upon the breast of Mother Earth,
And feel the heart of Nature pulsing warm.

Cora A. Matson-Dolson

WHAT OUR SISTERS ARE DOING

Their Part In the General Advancement of The Race

By ARTHUR McILROY

LESS difficult to say what they are *not* doing. For they are doing so many things. It is not in my mind this day to consider merely the odd, the unusual, or the picturesque activities of the Sex, but rather to meditate upon their commonplace employments, those duties which they perform from day to day, and from year to year; in brief, their contribution to the sound usefulness and happiness of the race.

Here we are—some one and a half billions of us, human creatures, at this particular moment of time inhabiting a ball of matter that somehow swings in regular orbit through indefinite space. We find in this vast army of thinking bipeds two great contending ideas. The one—the elder—idea is that man is clay in the hands of a vast inscrutable power we call Natural Law. The other idea is that man's own *will* may and should be made the Natural Law for the sphere he inhabits. For a further elucidation of this matter you may consult Charles Ferguson's admirable "The Affirmative Intellect". It is sufficient for our present uses merely to take note of and to define this collision of ideas.

We promptly perceive that the first idea has been at the base of all despotisms, whether of force, of civil government, or of religion, and that the second idea is the inspiration of all true democracy. We perceive—in our own hearts as well as in the external life around us

—that mankind constantly aspires to greater freedom, to a fuller enjoyment of the possibilities of life, a larger mastery of the earth. Our purpose today is to inquire how, and to what extent, our sisters are aiding us, or leading us, in the attainment of these, our hearts' desires.

Each of us who has lived somewhat, read a bit, and observed what was taking place around him, knows just about the same sort of men and women. Intrinsically the same, I mean. Not necessarily the same in wealth or position, or power, but the same in sympathies and desires. I have succeeded in forgetting every line of Kipling's except, "Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under their skins." That line expresses my thought so much better than I could otherwise indicate it, that I am glad it stuck like a burr in my memory.

It seems to me that women are not only advancing, as a sex, more rapidly than men, but are also exerting a far more potent influence for the general good in each generation that passes. I think I see them outgrowing the wild creature secretiveness that was for so very long their best safeguard against the savagery of the stronger sex. They wax strong on their own account. And independent. They stand alone. They are not any longer content to rear children dumbly—as many and of such a quality as the caprice of their lords and masters may decree. They have learned to live singly. They defy old social superstitions. They set up standards of

manliness. The boot is indeed on the other foot.

Their very independence does but make them more desirable. They have only to utter a request and it is granted without parley. Does she desire riches? Instantly her suitor, who may, in this wonderful age, be also her husband, hastens to gain riches. If it be not riches she desires, it is certain she does at least crave comfort. Hence, such an era of industrial activity, of comfort-making, as the world has never known before.

She has, in certain times and certain places, found intoxicating liquor to be her deadly enemy. Behold man legislating his (brother's) toddy out of existence.

She bent her back above the wash tub, and burned her face over huge coal cooking stoves, and complained thereof. Presto! the machine and the gas range. This, mind you, on that simplest level whence we all emerged at no very remote date, as time goes, into our present impressive dignities. What miracles the response to her demands have wrought in the palaces of the rich, it would require volumes to tell the half of.

This on the material side of progress. A mere passing suggestion of the total. What of the spiritual side? In what ways and to what degrees are we indebted to woman for the spiritual and intellectual advancement of the race? Back to childhood. Your head in your mother's lap. The stories she told in that sweet, low voice. The wonderful songs she sung. The bruises she balméd. The angers and vexations she soothed away. The admonitions, unforgettable in after years, she there uttered to little ones that only half understood them, but knew that they were wholly wise and good, because she uttered them. That other, who met you at the door of the primary school, took your hand, and led you to

your first small seat among your fellows. Who, with varied menaces and persuasions, restrained somewhat your aboriginal savagery, fixed your eyes on beauty, your brain on ambition, your heart on honor. And her sisters who took you on and on through the grades, to the last day. The last day; when out there in the prim audience was still another, more precious, cherished secretly,—the central figure in how many dreams!

And then, finally, that one,—comrade, sweetheart, wife—what do we not owe to her? What patient toil, and forbearance, and unfailing love. Has she not believed in us when all the world beside her derided our ambitions? Has she not cooked, and washed, and scrubbed, and sewed and mended; and amid the multitude of these her ceaseless and unescapable labors has she not been always an inspiration and a grace? Could our slow brains and our ineffectual hands procure them, the world has no gifts but would be poured forth at her feet.

Back of every great and worthy achievement of man, find the women—mother, teacher, wife. They are there, contributing to the advancement of the race an impetus only less than that of the divinity that did create us. I have heard atavistic male creatures in human semblance deplore the presence of "the new woman," the woman who wishes, perhaps, to earn her own bread, certainly to shape her own life and the lives of the children she will bring into the world, to take an equal part with her brothers in the government that taxes her, to broaden her mental horizon until it shall include the best thought of all lands and times. And truly enough, such women are not for such men: they have outgrown their critics. Their business is to improve the race by improving the individual—and they are hard at it.

THE POSTMASTER AT JACKMAN'S



By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

WHEN she first came to Jackman's—for the postmaster was really a postmistress—and opened her little store, and reserved one end of the counter for the box of pigeon holes which constituted the sole government property in Jackman's, the camp threw up its hat, let out a delirious yell, and then settled down to the business of spoiling her. For she was the only woman in the camp.

They squandered their gold dust over her counter in the most foolish fashion, chopped her wood, washed her windows and scrubbed her kitchen floor. Toothsome fish and game appeared in the most mysterious, anonymous way whenever her back was turned; and in the same way, for pets, appeared a pair of golden squirrels, a pup, a kid, and finally a grizzly cub.

A new era dawned in Jackman's. Razors were resurrected, beards disappeared, and cravats threatened to come in vogue again. The manicuring of nails with a bowie knife in public places, as an adjunct to conversation, became a common sight; and a man could walk down the street in greased boots without their becoming a target for every long range tobacco spitter in the camp. But doubtless the tide of dress reform reached its flood when Lon Jackman sauntered into the post office one afternoon with his hair neatly trimmed and plastered in a pomatumed curl on his brow. Not only this, but, whereas it had been the custom in Jackman's to remove one's hat only when one went to bed,

and not necessarily then, he brazenly took off his broad brimmed, leather bound headpiece, ostensibly to fan himself, but in reality, it was believed by a majority present, to show off his glossy, oily pate, which the surest footed fly would scarcely have attempted to scale.

But reform was not confined to dress. "Frenchy" Joncaire was requested to move his saloon to the other end of the camp, out of earshot of the postmaster. Certain resolutions were adopted relating to the useless, malicious or careless firing of guns within one hundred feet of the post office. And later, when the postmaster had lost the distinction of being the only woman in the camp, Andy Blackwell was notified, with due delicacy, that he could either marry the painted blonde who acted as his housekeeper or depart within twenty-four hours for a less discriminating community.

Thrice a week the stage careened down the single winding street of Jackman's, halted a breathless space of time before the post office, shot out one mail bag and received another in return, and then, with crack of whip, swept on again. On these occasions the camp was always present to a man, but nobody ever moved until the ceremony was over; for one end of that dusty red road lay in San Francisco and the other end in Omaha—Omaha, the gateway of the East and home, and the land of womankind!

When the last hungry eye was withdrawn from the receding cloud of dust, the man who had caught the mail bag—

some one always caught it, for it was always pathetically light—turned and led the procession in. Janey McFarland unlocked the bag, dumped its meager contents on the counter, distributed them in the pigeon holes, and announced the post office "open". The camp, already formed in line, then filed slowly by.

Janey knew them all, but each one paused and gave his name. Some there were who could neither read nor write; others who had written too well—in another man's hand. There were some who had never received a letter and never expected to; others whose names were so new that they had never yet seen them in black and white, and would rather not. Yet all filed by, and to offset these there were those who watched the postmaster's nimble fingers with eager eyes; who, when she smiled and shook her head, asked huskily, "Are you shore?" and waited dumbly while she, to humor them, ran through the pile again.

Yet a time came when all this was changed, when the camp looked upon its darling with sad, reproachful eyes; and thereby hangs this tale.

One afternoon, after the mail was out and the miners had gathered around the two or three month's old papers from the East which had just come to hand, Janey stepped into her bed room in the rear, put on her hat—with just the least nervous haste—slipped into her bosom a package which the stage had brought, reduced the undue fulness it caused by a swift touch or two, and left the store. No clerk was needed, for everybody helped himself, and honestly. She walked the length of the camp quite leisurely, but had no sooner passed the last cabin than her pace began to quicken, until, at a point where she left the stage road and struck into a trail, she was swinging swiftly along.

At the same instant three faces—three significant, thoughtful faces—were with-

drawn from a window in that last cabin, on the side commanding a view of the disappearing girl, and three men returned to a table littered with greasy cards, tobacco crumbs, a jug and a tin cup. The shortest and eldest of the trio was a man whose iron grey hair bristled from a low forehead like a shoe brush, and whose one eye glowed under his shaggy black brow like a fire in a brush heap. This gentleman half filled the rusty tin cup with whiskey and tossed it off like spring water. He pushed the jug to the second man, who promptly followed suit; but the third, a tall young fellow, shook his head. The sight he had just seen seemed to have taken his thirst.

"Fourth time this week," observed the one-eyed man briefly and significantly.

"Suppose it is!" blazed out the tall young fellow with unexpected wrath. "Damn it, can't a woman who hasn't another soul of her sex to talk to slip away for a breathing spell without being chawed over by every pop-eyed galoot in the camp?"

The second man, a gaunt, black haired son of Missouri, preserved a fine neutrality at this juncture by pouring himself another drink of whiskey, but the first fixed his one baleful eye upon the loose-tongued speaker like a sun glass, and held it there as if to burn him through. But the younger man did not scorch easily, and returned the glare with interest.

"You're a trifle techy today, Lon Jackman, ain't you?" asked the Polyphemus in a surprisingly mild voice, considering its source. "Nobody insinuated, as I heerd, that she was committin' a crime. I'm simply sayin', and I'll keep on sayin' it, whether you blow hot or cold, that no woman goes off at a speed like that four times a week for a constitootional."

"What does she go for then?" retorted Jackman.

"If I was a clairvoyant, I'd tell you;

and if I was a-courtin' her as you be I'd find out" rejoined the other placidly.

Jackman laughed — a short, abrupt laugh, not markedly mirthful.

"You have been away from civilization a long time, Sky. It ain't considered the quintessence of correctness, in polite society, nowadays, to trail a woman like a horse thief because she happens to have a secret."

"If I remember my polite society, and I think I do," answered Mr. Schuyler Hicks, with considerable dignity, "young ladies didn't recommend themselves by ja'ntin' off through the woods all by their lonelies, four times a week. It was sometimes intimated," he continued scathingly, "that they met kempamy they couldn't meet in their parlors."

Jackman flushed under his bronze. "There ain't a man in the camp mean enough to insinuate that about Janey."

"There's them that *has*," answered Hicks promptly. "Ain't there, Rick?"

"There be, Lon," said Mr. Ricketts pleasantly.

"Then they lie," said Jackman fiercely.

"Mebbe they do, but kin you prove it? One man's word's as good as another's till you tote in the proof."

"I'll tote it in some day," declared the other, "if I can bring myself to your underhand method of getting it. Deal the papers."

They played at "cut-throat" for hours, it being altogether too hot to work. About seven, when the last yellow light of the sun was retreating up Old Ironsides, leaping from rock to rock like mountain sheep, with the ravenous twilight ever in close pursuit, Schuyler Hicks suddenly commanded attention, laid down his cards, and silently beckoned the others to the window.

Janey McFarland, just returning home, stood in the center of the road, motionless, drinking in the glory of the dying day. A pale, reflected light lay on her face, and while they looked she suddenly

clasped her hands before her, smiled in her sad, tender way, and softly repeated something to herself. It might have been a prayer; and even the callous Hicks turned away, conscious that he was violating a Holy of Holies.

II.

Nevertheless, when the girl next stole forth on one of her mysterious errands, the three men lay in ambush along the old San Juan trail until she had passed, and then dodged along through the woods some forty rods behind her. Schuyler Hicks, fired by that abnormal curiosity which had already cost him an eye and two fingers, zealously led the way; the easy-going Ricketts slouched along next; while Lon Jackman, in sore doubt, lagged in the rear—unusual place for him.

The steep trail was hard going for the girl, and she paused often for breath. Once, after glancing timidly about to make sure that she was unobserved, she knelt at a spring and drank with her lips in the water, as Mother Eve probably drank in Eden. At the top, where the trail pitches headlong into the Mosquito Valley, to land in a heap at Bleaching Bones, she suddenly turned to the right and followed the pathless crest of the ridge. For two miles they noiselessly dogged the lithe, graceful figure as it flitted along in the twilight of the great pines. Then Hicks stopped with a resounding oath. She had suddenly disappeared, without knock or hail, in the open doorway of a cabin.

There was nothing to do now but wait, and this they tried for an hour. But neither Jackman nor Hicks were good waiters, and the latter at the end of this time said thoughtfully:

"If the right thing was done, one of us fellys would creep along them boulders, and come up on the hind side of the cabin, and git a peep into that there joint."

"I reckon you could do that job, Sky, about as well as any one on airth, seein' as you conceived it," observed Mr. Ricketts, sinking his long yellow teeth into an inch-thick plug of tobacco. "So fur as I'm concerned, I wouldn't glue one of my peepers to that winder if I had as many as a peacock's tail. I have a ha'tnin' suspicion that one of them Bleachin' Bones boys is in that cabing, and I don't hanker to backstop his lead with my cocoanut."

Jackman looked black at this tactless allusion to the cabin as a trysting place, but said: "It isn't a job for gentlemen, this spying in a woman's window; but if it's to be done, I reckon I'm the one to do it. And I want it understood, gents, that I'm doing it *for* her, not against her."

He disappeared at once behind a line of boulders which circled like a giant Druidical altar to the rear of the cabin. The two remaining watchers awaited his reappearance with the greatest curiosity; Hicks running his thumb restlessly over the butt of his six-shooter, and Ricketts grinding away on his quid with the rapidity of a sausage machine. Neither would have been in the least surprised to hear the silence punctuated with a pistol shot. Nothing of the kind happened, however, — probably to the secret disappointment of Mr. Hicks, who dearly loved a row—and a few minutes later they heard Jackman's step again. His face must have assuaged Hicks' disappointment in a measure, for it was pale and drawn.

"What did you see?" he demanded eagerly.

"Go and find out for yourself, Schuyler Hicks, for I'll never tell you," answered Jackman huskily.

Hicks, who knew no fear, loosened his gun and was off in a twinkling. The sight which met his round, staring, unblinking eye, as he cautiously raised it to the level of the window sill, was one

which gave even his leathern heart a thrill. On the opposite side of the room sat a Modoc squaw, stolidly sucking a long stemmed, stone pipe. In the middle of the floor lay Janey McFarland on the flat of her back, and in her hands, high above her head, was — Schuyler blinked his popping eye thrice to clear it from any cobwebs — yes, a kicking, squirming, crowing, naked baby, fresh and rosy from its little tub in the corner.

The next moment, as if the separation of only an arm's length were no longer to be borne, the young mother suddenly clasped the dimpled fragment of her flesh to her bosom with a convulsive movement of love, and showered its little eyes, nose and mouth with kisses. Then, pressing its soft cheek tightly against her own, she held it there motionless, drinking in its sweet breath.

Another turn, and the child was on the floor; the mother, on her hands and knees, was a bear, come to carry off the little baby. Swinging her head from side to side, and growling most terrifyingly, she crept closer and closer to the eager, tense, half frightened little bundle of humanity until, with a final spring and snarl, she landed on her victim and buried her teeth in its chubby neck, while the rafters rang with its piercing shrieks of laughter.

The stolid squaw's beady eyes grew softer as the mother within her moved at this tender sight, and the case-hardened Hicks himself felt a most curious stirring within. A baby! He had not seen one for months, yea, years, in this motherless though not womanless land; and he stood there, minute after minute, with no philosophical speculations on the probable heartache which lay back of this one's birth, but simply listening to its tiny piping and watching its clumsy, cub-like movements.

He was not conscious of how long he stood, until the baby's lids began to grow heavy; the mother took it in her arms,

and when the little eyes had slowly closed, like fading morning-glories, she laid it in its rough, backwoods crib and knelt and pressed its rosy, pouting lips once, twice, thrice, yearningly, lingeringly. Then, rising, she swiftly left the cabin. It was high time, for the sun was already slanting yellow through the pines.

It was a silent trio which made its way down the trail. At Hicks' cabin Ricketts turned in to accept of Schuyler's proffered liquid hospitality, but Jackman strode on without a parting word. He passed the post office rapidly and without looking in, for the first time, probably, since the present incumbent's appointment, and crossed the street twice to avoid approaching acquaintances.

He cooked himself no supper, but sat in front of his lonely cabin far into the starry night, smoking, smoking, smoking, and staring, as steadily as the glassy eye of a telescope, at the twin peaks of the Buckhorns, off to the south. A little black bear ambled uneasily by, not fifty feet away; a pistol shot floated up from the valley below; a solitary horseman rode through the camp. Jackman neither saw nor heard.

It was after midnight when he went in, lit a candle, and took from a chest a letter and a picture. The letter was from Janey, refusing his hand; and the picture was Janey's, too. He looked at the latter until a sudden tremor ran over his body.

"My God; a baby!" he groaned.

The strong, toil-hardened hands closed over the cardboard, and the next instant she lay upon the floor, dead, her beautiful head torn from her body, a cruel, jagged line across her white throat, as if hacked to death by a blundering executioner. Then he blew the candle out with a single breath and fled from the ghastly scene, like a red handed assassin, out into the night.

He returned about daylight. Shutting his eyes, that he might not see the cold, dead face, he groped on the floor until he found the severed halves of the picture. Then clasping them to his lips, he threw himself, utterly weary in body and soul, upon his bunk and wept. Yes, Lon Jackman wept.

III.

Time and events marched on in Jackman's much the same as they had before, somewhat to Lon's surprise. He saw Janey almost daily, and chopped her wood and carried her water, as in the past, with the exception, sometimes, of a lump in his throat. But one night, about nine o'clock, there came an emphatic knock at his door. He opened it and found himself face to face with that sleepless watchdog, Schuyler Hicks.

"That gal ain't got back," said the laconic gentleman.

Jackman started and paled. Then quietly slipping his pistols into his belt again, he stepped outside.

"I knew it would come some day, Sky—her tramping that trail alone so much," he said with a dry throat. "But if anybody's hurt her, hell's population will boom before morning. It's my work, though, Sky, and you've got to take a back seat this time," he added, as Hicks gave a familiar twitch to his holster.

And that gentleman, in spite of his sulphurous protests that he would do no such dashed thing, was forced to tarry behind at his cabin.

The tireless young giant saw no signs of foul play as he swiftly climbed the ascent, and none along the ridge, although he halted and examined every suspicious dark object. Then a light twinkled through the dark, columnar boles of the pines ahead, and he knew the cabin was at hand. Stealthily as an Indian and without hesitation, he crept to the window, with a sickening dread

that he might see—a man; the father of the child.

The squaw, as before, sat stolidly smoking, and from any change on her russett face she might also, as before, have been watching the pretty romp of mother and child. But a very different sight met Jackman's startled gaze. Bending over a cradle, in the center of the floor, sat Janey, white, haggard and motionless. Beneath her lay the babe, waxen-like and still, with closed eyes.

Jackman thought it dead; but after a little the squaw arose, dipped a steaming mixture from a kettle in the fireplace, and, after cooling it a moment with her breath, silently handed it to the listless mother. Raising the babe's head with her hand under its pillow, she gently forced a spoonful of the infusion between its rigid lips. The chills swept up and down Jackman's back at the tiny, hoarse little wail which came faintly to his ears, as from a distance. Then all was still again; the rising night wind moaned through the towering pines, and the squaw's eyes fearfully searched the dark corners of the cabin for the dread spectre of Death.

For an hour Jackman stood there, torn with pity and cursing his helplessness, for there was no doctor within fifty miles, and he dared not make himself known. Then, unable to look longer, he stole away.

He had gone perhaps a hundred yards when a low, weird, unearthly sound, which seemed to emerge from the bowels of the mountain, struck his ears and brought him to a halt. Now low, like the sobbing of a great organ; now high, like the wail of the wind in the canon; it filled the aisles of the forest cathedral and floated upward into the mighty dome above. But Jackman was not afraid, for he knew what it was. It was the death chant of the faithful squaw, and it would ward off evil spirits from that helpless little soul, as all alone,

without its mother, it winged its feeble flight through the starry vault to its long home.

* * * *

Janey returned to camp about noon the next day. She made no attempt to conceal her absence over night; and had she tried she certainly could not have concealed the ravages of her grief. Dame Rumor, as a consequence, was a busy lady in the camp that afternoon. Lon Jackman, tied as his tongue was, chafed and fumed and finally fled. Unconsciously, almost, he took the trail Janey's feet had so often trod, and he followed it until he reached the cabin. The door was open, and, to his surprise, the scant furnishings were gone—most probably on the back of the squaw.

It took him some time to find the grave, for it was marked by no stone, was very, very little, and was covered with ferns. It carried him back to the story of the Babes in the Woods; and though the little body beneath was, as he believed, the fruit of sin, he solemnly knelt and pressed his lips to its cool, green shroud.

There was no one in the post office when he returned, not even Janey; and making his way to the rear of the building he knocked at what she laughingly used to style her parlor. She was not crying, as he had expected, but sat at the window with her cheek in her hand, looking down into the great, gray gorge below.

Jackman's headlong resolution had given him no time to prepare a speech, so he simply advanced, took her hand, and asked her once more to become his wife. She looked at him for a long time without answering, as he held her hands, and there was something like a smile on her face—such a smile, perhaps, as angels wear, he fancied.

"Lon, do you know where I was last night?" she asked softly.

"Yes."

"Do you know what took me there?"

"Yes."

"I knew it."

Her lips trembled a moment, and her mind was evidently back at the little grave again.

"Lon, before I answer, I want you to go to Ironstone and ask them what they know of Janey McFarland. Then, if you ask me still again to become your wife, I will give you my answer."

Jackman went, and was gone four days. He came back on a Saturday, and on Sunday he and the postmaster were married by a strolling evangelist in Bleaching Bones.

That night, tearing himself from his bride, he met, by appointment, Mr. Abner Ricketts and Mr. Schuyler Hicks in the latter's cabin, and proceeded to the weighty disclosure he had prepared them for. But first Mr. Hicks tiptoed to his east window, hung his head out and listened, then he tiptoed to his west window and listened again.

"Spout ahead!" said he, sitting down, and they knew that not even a fox was eavesdropping.

"Gentlemen," began Jackman, "this explanation is due you and due my wife. She lived once in Ironstone, where her father died and left her alone. In course of time a man fell in love with her, and I suppose, gents, she fell more or less in love with him. His name's of no odds, but it was Babcock. It being winter, and the passes choked with snow, and no preacher handy, there was no show of their getting married before spring. Babcock stuck it out till February, and then, seeing how hard she was working—she was running a boarding house—and not liking her to live in that unprotected way any longer, he proposed a common law marriage, which could be confirmed later, you might say, by a reg'lar marriage, if she wanted it. But being raised in the church, she couldn't bring herself to that, so he agreed to wait."

He paused and wet his throat with the liberal dram which Schuyler Hicks had quietly poured meanwhile. After the other two had wet their ears, so to speak, he proceeded:

"By an inscrutable providence, gents, Babcock was hurt within two weeks—I didn't understand exactly that he was shot—and his life depended upon good nursing. That settled it for Janey. She called in a neighbor or two and Babcock said, in a weak voice, 'I take this woman for my lawful wedded wife.' Then she said she took him for her lawful wedded husband. But, womanlike, she was uneasy for the preacher; and Babcock was no sooner up and the snow out of the passes before he mounts a horse and starts for Ringgold, where he heard a sky pilot was holding forth."

He paused again, at the prompting of a dramatic instinct, but stayed Schuyler's hand as he reached for the jug.

"Gentlemen, he was never seen alive again. He was buried under a snow-slide sixty feet deep, and they didn't find his body till July. And Janey, womanlike, regarded it as a judgment, and that was why she hid her child."

"You want my opinion!" asked Schuyler promptly.

"I do."

"My opinion is that as long as God Almighty hisself played it kind of low down on her, as you might say and meaning no disrespect, that marriage would hold in any court in heaven; and you kin always say, according to my lights, that you married a widder, though it ain't likely as you'll care to harp on that, seein' as you're playin' second fiddle, so to speak." And Schuyler Hicks was actually guilty of the sentimentality of extending his horny hand.

"My sentiments to a T, Lon," said Ricketts; and after launching a long, thin, comet-like streak of tobacco juice toward a convenient corner, he also extended his hand.

The Irishman

By DR. WILLIAM MAGINN

There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man —
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman —
A nasty, ugly Irishman —
A wild, tremendous Irishman —
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring Irishman
His face was no ways beautiful,
For with smallpox 'twas scarred across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
Oh, the lump of an Irishman —
The whiskey-devouring Irishman —
The great he-rogue with his wonderful brogue — the fighting, rioting Irishman!
One of his eyes was bottle green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear!
Oh, the great big Irishman —
The rattling, battling Irishman —
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.
He took so much of Lundy-foot
That he used to snort and snuffle oh;
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh, the horrible Irishman —
The thundering, blundering Irishman —
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman.
His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch
He'd not rest till he filled it full again;
The boozing, bruising Irishman —
The 'toxicated Irishman —
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, handy, dandy Irishman.
This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the heads of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity;
Oh, the leathering Irishman —
The barbarous, savage Irishman —
The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's heads were bothered, I'm sure, by this
Irishman.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Publisher

A Glimpse of the Home Life and Remarkable Career of the Publisher of the Ladies Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post—A Publisher of Periodicals That Reach More People Than Any Others In the World.

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHO can estimate the value of a kind word of encouragement, or letter at the right time? It is doubtful if there are many who have not felt and seen clouds hover about. It may as well be confessed that I have had my share, and yet the pictures of these days are brightened by cherished memories of helpful friends. In the early days of the National Magazine, I received two inspiring letters from Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher of the Ladies Home Journal, which I treasure in a safety deposit box, and value beyond any bonds or stocks. They were letters full of sincere encouragement, kindly criticism, and recited a chapter of his own early experience. These letters were humanely helpful. Every word had a heartiness that was inspiring. In fact, they embraced a college course of experience for a young editor and publisher. They were not generalities, glittering and

perfunctory, but a stern array of practical facts and duties genuinely helpful.

In return for this generous, kindly interest, I cannot hope to adequately express the full measure of my gratitude. "Impress yourself on your readers; you can do it. Give them yourself freely, unreservedly," was one sentence burned into my memory. How well this advice has been followed I dare not say, but I have earnestly tried to give without stint

the best there is in me to the readers of the National Magazine, and the successful growth of the business is due to the appreciation of those who have given us a confidence that I regard as sacred.

Although many times tempted to call for more advice, I resisted until I felt that the lessons assigned had been worked out to some extent at least, with positive results to submit. Then I ventured to visit Mr. Curtis, to recite these lessons and take an examination in earnest.

AT FIFTY YEARS OF AGE



At charming "Lyndon," on the "pier", a covered extension of a spacious veranda, where meals are served and all delights of open air life are secured, I applied for my degree. The stately home suggested to me Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford, with its great terrace in front where the after glow of sunset and the gentle June twilight are enjoyed to the full.

The recitation was given in an array of figures, showing growth and circulation and renewals, and he put an under-scored line under renewals. "That tells your story," he said with a nod of approval that meant more to me than a Harvard degree.

The first lesson over, we sauntered about the home. Originally the estate covered forty-seven acres, which has since been extended across the picturesque, inviting country, where a new stone wall and cement walk indicated the push and public spirit of the publisher. "Lyndon" is an estate of historic interest, having formerly been owned by Abraham Barker, the well known Philadelphia banker, and father of Wharton Barker, once populist candidate for the presidency. It was here in the early seventies that the first successful experiments were made with the telephone by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, in an effort to interest Mr. Barker as a capitalist. The willow trees upon which the wires were stretched were swept away by a winter storm, but the voice messages sent forth on those willows now span the world. A

splendid view meets the eye on entering at either the east or west gate of "Lyndon." The grounds were laid out for Mr. Barker fifty years ago by Mr. Meehan, editor of Meehan's Horticultural Magazine, who later was an editor of one of Mr. Curtis' papers. As a landscape architect, Mr. Meehan had few equals, and Mr. Curtis has since enlarged upon the original conception. In the spring house there is always a refreshing cool drink, and shining,

bright dairy tins. A rustic bridge spans the little stream that divides the golfer's field. Two little lakes, with dainty water falls, make a view from the summer house that is charming. Mr. Curtis spends a good deal of time out of doors, and the game of golf has a hold on him. As he grimly remarked, "I think sometimes while playing, 'what nonsense!' Yet I find the completion of one task whets the appetite for others,

and so I just keep on playing, as long as I dare."

The residence of the publisher of the Ladies Home Journal expresses the ideal home in its largest sense: a spacious hall and stairway in which are hung tapestries from Pekin; here and there, artistically arranged, those charming home-making suggestions characteristic of this publisher. The music room, in which the pipe organ occupies the place of honor, opens out from the hall, and it was indeed a treat to hear Mr. Curtis play his own improvisations and compositions. On that organ bench, he enjoys

AT SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE



his real recreation after the day of arduous toil at the office. There is individuality in the delicate touch of the keys of this instrument in the playing of Mr. Curtis. I fancied he expressed a deeply felt admiration for the great organ master at Portland, after whom he was named. The tone of the organ is rich and full, and especially adapted for the home. In the library was the col-

absence of the hedge, which suggests a bit of selfish exclusiveness, and a determination that passers by shall not enjoy the inner beauties of country life. On the foliage fringed horizon is the old home of Jay Cook; the church he built in the palmy days is still called the Holy "Five-twenties" a satirical reference to government bonds of the period. Mr. Cook is still hale and hearty at eighty,

LYNDON, FROM THE EAST



lection of books which always reveals the career and the trend of ambition and achievement. In all the rooms throughout the home is the dainty and yet practical taste, which has done so much for home building in America through the pages of the Home Journal. Mrs. Curtis is an ideal hostess and home-maker, and maintains the highest New England standard in house-keeping.

The landscape view thereabout recalls he charm of rural England, except the

and lives amid the scenes he enjoyed when he was the Pierpont Morgan of the times.

The charming home of John Wanamaker is not far away, with its spacious expanse of woods, granite art gallery and swan covered pond. The automobiles sing along the famous historic York road and romantic Church Lane. The home of Mr. Elkins, street car magnate, and the towered and turretted "Castle" of Mr. Harrison of the sugar trust, with its

famous chime of bells in the stable, suggests a varied picture of Europe and mediaeval times. The Elkins home, from stable to house, suggests an array of libraries and a glimpse of classic Athens. The famous old York road, one of the few remaining turnpikes where a fare is collected, has a flavor of colonial days. As I came up from Ogontz, on the picturesque winding Church Lane, on a sleepy summer morning, with birds singing, insects buzzing and perfume of bud and blossom, somehow I felt right in tune with the symphony of Nature spread before me.

A visit to the handsome little Episcopal church was interesting, where the choir, under the supervision of Mr. Curtis, sang the service with a hearty good cheer. The honor of sitting beside the four-year-old son of Editor Bok, and the grandson of Publisher Curtis, on his debut at church service, was mine; and a good boy he was. His surplus American energy was utilized during the service in vigorously fanning his grandmother and looking after the comforts of the visitor.

* * *

All this may seem unimportant detail, but I desire to give the picture as it is, so richly reflective of the real personality of one who has made such a great business success and yet remains the same simple and unaffected man of earlier years. When his dark eyes begin dancing the reserve of enthusiasm is revealed; and a kindlier man never lived. Mr. Curtis has large ideals far beyond the mere founding of a business success. He thinks and acts on broad lines, quite in harmony with the chapter he has furnished of American achievement.

A dash to the Wyncote Station behind a galloping horse, in the sweet fragrance of a moonlight June eve, to catch a train and hurry on with the bustle and activities of every day life, broke the spell of one of the happiest Sundays I have ever enjoyed. We talked in the swing; we

talked on the drive; we talked at dinner, and to me every word and phrase was fraught with meaning. The real man was here at his best, in his own home. A practical student of men and affairs, Cyrus H. K. Curtis has richly earned his distinction, as publisher of the most widely read and widely circulated periodicals of modern times.

* * *

In the good city of Portland, Maine, the birthplace of Longfellow, I found Cyrus Curtis an honored name at his old home. Many of the citizens remember the bright black-eyed lad and are proud of his unparalleled achievement, although they confess that they little dreamed of what was in store for him in those early years. Named for one of our most famous organists, Herman Kotschmar, it is little wonder that the distinguished publisher has retained a passionate fondness for music. His father was playing trombone in a brass band at the time Cyrus was born, and his great admiration for and intimacy with the organist led him to name the new son for the brilliant musician. For fifty years this organist has given Portland people the highest and best there is in church music, and no tempting salary offer could ever induce him to leave the organ-loft he honors and the work he loves. His compositions take high rank, and reveal a depth of feeling, under his master touch, that is soul uplifting. His *Te Deum* is classic and musicians have come hundreds and thousands of miles to hear this veteran composer and organist.

The devotion of Cyrus Curtis to his sister is one of the things well remembered at Portland. She reached maturity and until her death was a comrade to her energetic brother.

A story is told in Portland of how a phrenologist prophesied that Cyrus Curtis would make a great success in a line of business in which women were interested. He was at that time clerk-

ing in a dry goods store, a popular salesman, and could say "fast colors, ten cents a yard," in a winning way. No one, however, dreamed of the future in store for this modest young man of thirty years ago. He showed his quality even earlier than that, when in the four years he carried newspapers, as a lad of twelve, he rose at four o'clock in the

venture did not mark out distinctly for the moment the future of young Curtis. He was ambitious to go into the dry goods business on a large scale, clearly comprehending the future development of the department store of today. He was a lad of large plans, and was soon dreaming how to purchase the Preble House site, in the very

LYNDON, FROM THE NORTH



morning, and hustling over to the fort, sold extra copies to the soldiers, during the Civil War. The young lad's future ambition was indicated in a little paper he published, called "The Young America," filled with bright paragraphs.

There were two boys in the enterprise—the firm was called Curtis & Goold,—and who can express the feelings of young Curtis when he placed in the hands of his mother and sister a copy of this bright little paper, sold at the magic price—\$1 per year. This newspaper

center of Portland, to be used as a store of this description. His dreams did not materialize, and therefore young Curtis came to Boston to begin a notable career as an advertising man. He had been accustomed to the munificent salary of \$10 per week, as a dry goods clerk, and when he secured a \$25 advertisement from a firm on Tremont Street, Boston, for a railroad guide, out of which \$6.25, or twenty-five per cent, was his own, he felt rich indeed. A half hour's work for \$6.25—this was an Eldorado to the

Maine boy. He planned and usually got what he went after. He did not lack confidence in himself, yet has always been of an exceedingly modest disposition.

* * *

An incident that shows his ambition for large undertakings was his first visit to the veteran showman, P. T. Barnum. The young advertising man had been refused, but he was persistent until he saw the great showman in person, and then there was only one result — Cyrus Curtis conquered, and it is said that in after years, in his hours of discouragement, Mr. Curtis would take down the autobiography of P. T. Barnum and read it until he was thoroughly saturated with the enthusiasm and shrewd comprehension of human nature that made P. T. Barnum one of the greatest men of his time. Any person talking with Mr. Curtis is impressed with the gentle and

yet insistent way he obtains his results. No delays for self analysis — he goes direct ahead. The career of every successful man is more or less influenced by other successful men who precede them, and the name of his second newspaper, a Boston venture called the "People's Ledger," and his later removal to Philadelphia indicate a wholesome admiration of George W. Childs.

The first newspaper venture of Mr. Curtis in Boston was the Independent. The next venture was the Boston People's Ledger, and there was the real crucial test of his career, which fully revealed his staying qualities; he worked incessantly upon circulation and advertising, expecting to do better the next week, and then on to the next, and the next, but never giving up. In the meantime he married a Boston girl and they began their life work in earnest. During the

FROM THE WEST GATE TO THE GREENHOUSES



Centennial year, 1876, they removed to Philadelphia, and the Tribune & Farmer was soon under way, which later developed into the Ladies Home Journal. With Mr. Curtis at the business helm, and Mrs. Curtis doing the editorial work, they laid a foundation sure and secure. And when the later editor, Edward Bok, whose fame is second to none in his field, came to Philadelphia from Scribner's, he took up his great life work and the success that has followed in the past sixteen years is without a parallel in the publishing world. The publication has built itself right into the hearts and homes of the people wherever the English language is read, with editions approximating one million copies and four million readers.

The latest of the triumphs of Mr. Curtis, as a publisher, is the Saturday Evening Post. This paper was founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728, and has been continuously published every week since. The Post had always had on its list a select class of readers in Philadelphia. A paper with such a history and traditions, associated with one of

the very founders of American journalism, appealed to Mr. Curtis and he purchased the property. From his very first number he set a pace in periodical production that has not been excelled. It is a weekly paper which keeps in touch with the current of every day affairs, and the contributors include the most notable men of the times. A handsome new building and equipment has been added to provide for its unparalleled growth. Mr. Curtis has given the Saturday Evening Post a quaintness and distinction about which clings the very best traditions of colonial days, with a sparkle of modernism that is quite in harmony with the spirit of the times. The Post has a world wide circulation and truly reflects Americanism in its highest and best sense.

The career of Mr. Curtis is an inspiration to all young men confronted with the serious problem of getting started in life, and especially to younger publishers and editors coming upon the field of action with lofty ideals and ambitions of unlimited proportions.

BOSTON.



TO MR. BOWLES

Bowles! honest Bowles! who set my sonnets well
 In mellow printage, here I make a song
 To follow as the words the tune along
 The serried years that round your earthly spell.
 If Time shall quicken the sad hours that tell
 Of pain or passion dedicate to wrong,
 Of days of toil that to the muse belong,
 Read these my lines and be absolved of hell.
 In infinite sad phantasy thou hast dwelt
 Upon the dream that from the dawn hath been
 "A light to dead men and dark hours;" hast knelt
 At the inner shrine where man is shrived of sin,
 And, kin to art, thyself hast oftimes felt
 That saintship whereof men and gods are kin!

Joseph Lewis French

PHASES OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ADVERTISERS

By MARTIN MURRAY

C. W. POST, chairman of the largest food factory in the world, the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich., is an interesting example of an American business man, building within a few years, and unaided, a mammoth business, extending to all parts of the world, and by the concentration of thought and the guidance of experience amassing a large fortune.

Mr. Post was born in Springfield, Ill., forty-seven years ago. After receiving a common school education and a military training at the University of Illinois, he started in business on the then frontier of Kansas, at the age of seventeen. This first venture was successful and was followed by various enterprises until in 1884, by a combination of ill health and a contest among stock holders, he became bankrupt, and for seven or eight years was an invalid, a part of the time wandering from California to Maine in search of health. During this time he ranched a while in Texas, and perforce, in order to keep alive, studied foods, hygiene, physiology and more or less of materia medica.

In 1891 he went to Battle Creek, Michigan, and was for a number of months a

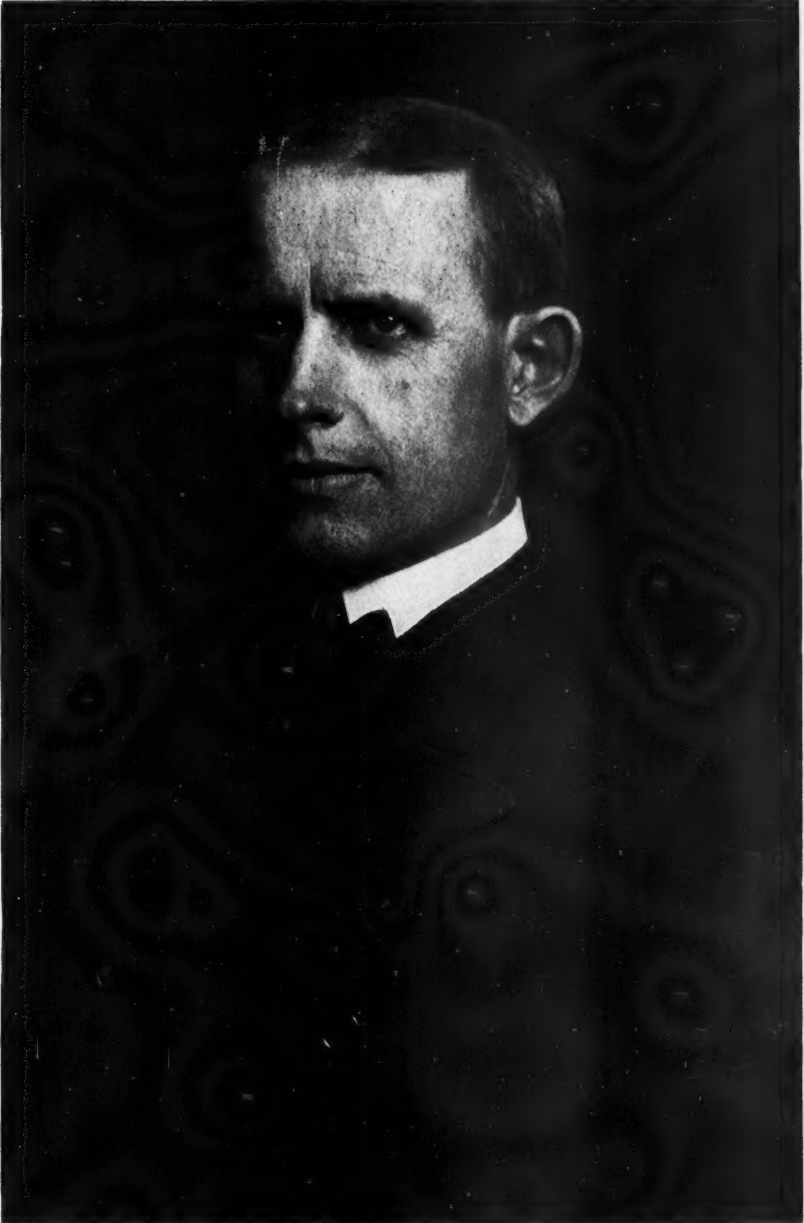
patient at a sanitarium. The treatment there failed absolutely, and when given up to die he was taken from the institution and healed in a short time under an entirely different method of treatment. His own private and long continued studies relating to foods finally brought out the articles which have made Mr. Post's name famous throughout the world.

The company's plant, established at Battle Creek, is a large one, consisting of a number of acres of ground covered with thirteen or fourteen factory buildings. This company spends between fifty and seventy-five thousand dollars per month, with newspapers and magazines, in advertising.

As one of the foremost advertisers in the world, Mr. Post was selected by the Association of American Advertisers for its president, and is now serving the second term. This association consists of about seventy members, expending upward of twenty millions of dollars per annum in advertising the articles familiar to every reader of newspapers and magazines.

The subject of this sketch about eight years ago undertook the work of enlisting the citizens of Battle Creek with the idea of making that town a large manufacturing center. He knew enough about molding public sentiment through the press to use that method, and from time to time articles appeared from his

CHARLES W. POST, PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN ADVERTISERS



PHASES OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS

pen explaining to the citizens how surely a city can be built by the operation of joining material—iron, wood, etc.,—together, making machinery, foods and other articles of commerce, sending them broadcast and bringing back money from other states and countries to be expended in the little town where the articles were made. His own example was in evidence and the people of Battle Creek were aroused, so that probably today no town in America of 25,000 is more active, energetic, prosperous and growing faster than Battle Creek. Between forty and fifty new manufacturing enterprises have been started there within the past eighteen months.

Mr. Post built at Battle Creek one of the largest and handsomest hotels in the state, and there are few, if any, better conducted in the United States. He said at the time that he built this for a monument, but his foresight was keen. The business of the town has grown so rapidly that the "Post Tavern" is now regularly filled to its doors. He has also erected other imposing buildings, and the people have caught the spirit and are carrying on the work in a most enterprising fashion.

Mr. Post has, to a great extent, relinquished the active duties of the business, living a portion of his time in Washington, New York and London, maintaining an office in each city. Most of his time is spent in Washington, for he is deeply interested in national affairs and feels that at the capital he can keep more closely in touch with them than elsewhere. He steadily and at all times declines any political office, preferring to live "in a house by the side of the road and observe the ways of man."

For several years past a portion of his spare time has been employed in perfecting a system of postal currency known as Post checks. Bills are now pending before congress embodying the result of his thought. The patents for this system

of currency are given, without recompense, to the government, Mr. Post's work in the matter being entirely *pro bono publico*.

He maintains, at his own expense, a bureau of information and promotion, on the theory that even though some enterprising citizen were to proffer a tub of gold dollars to the government, it would require wise management to steer a bill through congress permitting the government to accept the gift.

The newspapers and publishers throughout the country universally support the Post check proposition, recognizing it to be the most pressing postal need, which being adopted would result in an incalculable impetus to internal commerce.

Men of the type here presented are original and individual thinkers. They do not depend for their conclusions upon the direction of some one else. The motto of such men is, in effect, "Don't give me your advice, give me facts; then I can take my own advice."

Mr. Post is fond of yachting, and by a simple process of reasoning conceived the idea that in the last international race between the Columbia and Shamrock II. the boats were so nearly equal that some other reason than advantage of one yacht over another in construction must be shown for the defeat of the Shamrock II. A little investigation made him believe that American seamen are better operators than the English. He thereupon offered Sir Thomas Lipton \$10,000 as a charter price for Shamrock II., which he proposed to man with an American crew, and suggested that Lipton secure the Columbia and man her with an English crew.

Mr. Post offered to "hang up" a handsome and expensive cup to be known as the "Yachtsman's cup" in contradistinction to the "Yacht cup." Sir Thomas Lipton generously offered to lend Shamrock II. to Mr. Post without charge for

such a trial, but as the owner of the Columbia did not, for some reason, deem it best to cooperate, the proposed race probably will not take place.

NEW YORK CITY.

AN AFTERNOON AT "SUNNY CREST,"

The Pasadena Home of Reverend and Mrs.
Robert J. Burdette

By EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP

"BLESS your hearts! Come right in," cheerily called the little mistress of Sunny Crest that May morning, as a party of friends drove slowly up the palm bordered drive way. She had called from the breakfast room window, where she was taking a little lunch between guests, so to speak, for club women had been wending their way all day to Sunny

Crest to extend in person their congratulation to the newly elected first vice president of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs.

The cheery voice from the window was followed a moment later by its owner, Mrs. Burdette, who fluttered out upon the veranda, gracious, smiling—with both hands extended, the white etamine gown clinging softly to her figure.

"How glad I am to see you! Come in, come in—" and she led the way into the beautiful reception hall.

A moment later down the stairs came Robert Burdette—"irrepressible, genial, tender hearted Bob," as his friends love to call him and in an instant the whole atmosphere was full of that presence that never fails to charm.

"From Iowa? Dear old Iowa, the best state on earth," he said graciously, "therefore the house is yours. Go where you please, up stairs and down.

SUNNY CREST THE PASADENA HOME OF THE BURDETTEs



Let it all be yours and Sunny Crest will be the sunnier and the richer for you having come."

No second invitation was needed and I made straight for the "den" of the pastor-humorist.

The den or study is in the front of the house, just at the head of the broad

and supplement that so plainly found in the little worn bible that lay on the table within reach, and told so eloquently its own story of nearness to the owner's daily life. A great bowl of pink roses also stood on the table and leaned protectingly down over a bit of unfinished work as though to shelter it from curious

THE LIBRARY AT SUNNY CREST



staircase. Two of the walls are seemingly almost entirely of glass and it is practical, since in that magic land the drama of the seasons is unknown. Drawn close to the window was a great easy chair, so turned that the eyes might rest and linger on the *Sierre Madre* mountains, with the famous head of that ancient sire of peaks, old Balda, gleaming white and rising majestically in the distance just beyond the flower crowned valleys. What a view to give inspiration,

eyes. The den is furnished entirely in Japanese and the effect is most restful. On the mantle, in company with several pictures of Mrs. Burdette, stood a likeness of Marshall P. Wilder bearing the inscription, "To my dear Bob," and in just as prominent a spot was another of a little Iowa maid, and in the faulty, childish scribble these words, "Dear Mr. Burdette, I wish you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Your little friend, Blossom Elliott, Iowa Falls, Ia."

MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE OF PASADENA, CAL.



On the wall hung a calendar for the month, and two dates, May 1 and May 8, stood out conspicuously; by the side of each was a facsimile of the General Federation pin done in water colors. May 1 was the opening day of the Sixth Biennial, and May 8 the day when Mrs. Burdette was honored with the second highest office in the power of the club women of America to bestow. So harmonious and peaceful was the atmosphere of that room that the friendly faces of Hugo, Tennyson, Carlisle and numerous theologians seemed to smile from the book shelves in a spirit of good comradeship as the writer walked lingeringly from the room. The entire house, Moorish in architecture, is most interesting, filled as it is with rare and beautiful treasures. "For Robert Burdette. With hale affection, your old Hoosier friend—J. W. Riley," was written beneath the poet's picture that stood on the library table.

Almost every woman who travels widely has a fad, and Mrs. Burdette's is bells. Her collection, containing between fifty and sixty, is not only unique, but most interesting, since each one has its own little history or story. One huge oval bell of brass, roughly cast, at one time adorned the neck of some ancient cow, the great age being determined by the fine metal yoke. A curved wooden yoke, from which hangs several small silver throated bells, is the kind now worn in certain parts of the old country by cattle of the period. There is a small black bell surmounted by the image of his Satanic majesty, bearing aloft a black heart, in which is set a blue stone that resembles a sapphire in color. From a dim old monastery in Italy comes a bell dark and stained from its hundreds of years of service in daily summoning the monks to their devotions. The tiny shells are falling away from the worn and tattered collar on the quaint old camel bell from Damascus. A portion of the

bells are arranged in series or chimes and one of German make bears the date of 1675. The bells are hung in a frame in the form of a huge wooden knife, five or six inches in width. Upon the blade is a German motto which translated reads: "He that has a story and does not give it is a bell without a clapper."

This is the origin of the chestnut bells, and they are often hung upon the dining room walls in Germany. Upon the handle is a second motto to the effect that if a person makes his story too long he should be "rung off," and during the stories that are the custom over the walnuts and wine if a guest forgets himself and spins his tale too long, some one grasps the knife and in making the motion of cutting, the bells jingle out a suggestive warning. The collection contains many strange brass idols, in which a bell is concealed, and one ornate little thing is a reproduction of the Eiffel tower in Paris.

The residence of the Burdettes stands proudly upon a broad eminence and the grounds are superbly arranged and preserved. The air was heavy with rich odors, and birds of many kinds fluttered in and out the honeysuckle vines and the orange tree boughs and sang as though they would break their very hearts with joy. From the library came the voice of Robert Burdette, telling drolly a story, and then came the inevitable burst of laughter followed by another tale.

"We think the prettiest part of our home is without," said the hostess, who had softly drawn near and whose eyes lingered lovingly on the bewitching scene that her great wealth, assisted by nature's generosity, had made possible.

Here Mrs. Burdette holds a monthly salon that is the objective point of many distinguished tourists to California. She and her husband gather around them interesting men and women, and one can in fancy picture these delightful occasions and can almost hear the gay

voices and laughter on the broad veranda.

The most impressive thing of all about Sunny Crest is the great devotion of Robert Burdette and his wife. They have travelled all over the world together and are comrades in the fullest sense of the word. How he delights to call himself a "club woman;" and no one who attended the Milwaukee convention two years ago will ever forget Robert Burdette at the California headquarters proudly playing office boy, where he gave impartially his smiles, comic tales and state circulars. When he lectures in Los Angeles at the Ebell club house—that little Greek temple, designed and built by Mrs. Burdette especially for the Ebell Club, he refers to himself as "the

husband of Madam, the President."

On several occasions when Mr. Burdette has been unable to keep engagements on account of delayed trains, his talented wife has taken his place on the lecture platform, to the evident satisfaction of the audience.

Mrs. Burdette's simple, unaffected manners, her cordiality, her genuine sweetness of nature, will make her most popular as a federation officer. Aside from her club work, she is interested in all lines of progressive endeavor along the coast. If any one be skeptical of Mrs. Burdette's eminent fitness for the place she is to occupy the next two years in the club world, let him make a pilgrimage to Sunny Crest and come

A VIEW FROM THE VERANDA AT SUNNY CREST, THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND



beneath the magic spell of that beautiful American home and enjoy even briefly the personality of its mistress.

"I have enjoyed more than I can tell, seeing Mrs. Burdette in her own home," I said, as the host walked with me to the door. Then Robert Burdette said something so pretty, that sounded very sweet to a woman's ears—"There is nothing too good to be said of Mrs. Burdette, for there does not live a better, sweeter, nor more contented little woman."

The last glimpse of Sunny Crest, peaceful, serene in that glorious Californian sunshine, is indelibly associated with the picture husband and wife made as they stood together waving their farewells to their guests and then turning, looked for a moment with ineffable tenderness into each other's eyes and slowly reentered their home.

DES MOINES, Iowa.

SHALL THE PUBLIC DOMAIN BE PRESERVED FOR HOME SEEKERS?

By *PARIS GIBSON,*

United States Senator from Montana

THE public lands of the United States, not including Alaska, are now limited almost entirely to the semi-arid and arid country which lies between the 100th degree of longitude and the Pacific Ocean, and are bounded on the north by British North America, and on the south by Mexico. These lands embrace, approximately, 525,000,000 acres, but much of this vast area is covered by the Rocky Mountains and their lateral ranges, which can only be occupied by miners and by prospectors searching for ores bearing gold, silver and other minerals.

It is claimed that not more than 100,000,000 acres of the arid public domain

can be reclaimed, and thus be made to furnish homes for the rapidly increasing population of the United States; but in this age of mechanical inventions and of improvements in agricultural methods, it is probable that the present estimates of our possible farm lands are far too small. Some of these lands, especially those adjacent to mountains, can be successfully cultivated without the aid of the irrigating ditch; but the great body of the public domain must be irrigated from mountain streams or from reservoirs located at the base of mountain ranges, in order to maintain a population of farmers. The lands within our arid country are, as a whole, among the most productive in the world, when brought under the plow and subjected to artificial irrigation, and are capable of yielding enormous crops of grain, alfalfa and fruit.

Since the extermination of the buffaloes, herds and flocks, of the cattle men and sheep owners, have roamed at will over these vast stretches of land, subsisting summer and winter, as did the elk, the antelope and the buffalo, upon wild grasses, and there was but little inclination to own lands.

Recently, however, the pastoral stock growers of this region have been seized with a desire to own and control as many acres as possible in the arid region, and by means of the desert land act, the homestead act with its commutation provisions and forest reserve scrip, great bodies of the choicest parts of the public domain have already fallen into the possession of men who will use them only for grazing purposes. Capitalists living in the middle West and even in the Eastern states, own immense bodies of land in the arid states, acquired under the acts referred to, upon which the plow has never been used and upon which no population is found, except a few cowboys and sheep herders.

If the same means now employed for

UNITED STATES SENATOR PARIS GIBSON OF MONTANA



obtaining land are continued, it will be only a short time before most of the farm lands of our public domain will pass into the possession of rich and

powerful stock growing companies and corporations and there will be no land left in the far West for farmers seeking homes.

How shall these rich agricultural lands be preserved for home seekers?

Clearly, by so changing our laws that not another acre of land can be acquired except under a homestead law, which makes an actual residence of five years obligatory, after which the settler shall be entitled to a conveyance from the government of his claim, not exceeding 160 acres. All other acts by means of which public lands are now acquired, should be repealed at once. The homestead act was intended to be framed in the interest of bona fide settlers, and was advocated as early as 1852 by the Free Soil party, who declared that "The public lands of the United States belong to the people and should not be sold to individuals or granted to corporations, but should be held as a sacred trust for the benefit of the people and should be granted in limited quantities, free of cost, to landless settlers."

The great statesman, Thomas H. Benton, said:

"I do not know how old or rather how young I was when I first took up the notion that sales of land by a government to its own citizens and to the highest bidder was false policy, and that gratuitous grants to actual settlers was the true policy and their labor the true way of extracting national wealth and strength from the soil."

But speculators who were not satisfied with the homestead act as it was originally intended succeeded, through plausible and misleading arguments, in attaching to it a clause allowing the homesteader to make final proof at the end of six months, by paying \$1.25 an acre; and although many years after the passage of the act the time when the settler could commute was changed from six months to fourteen months, the act, instead of

being in the interest of the homesteader, is still, in a measure, chiefly for the benefit of speculators and large land holders. The men who framed our land laws never made a greater mistake than in allowing the settler to obtain title to his claim in six or fourteen months by paying \$1.25 an acre for it.

It must be apparent to every one who gives this subject careful consideration that the privilege of commuting homesteads was not demanded by the men seeking to establish actual homes upon the land; for under the law, settlers, who are generally poor, can get title to their homes by residing on the land and cultivating it for five years.

The Desert Land Act, also, was never framed in the interest of farmers and actual settlers. It was placed among the statutes of the United States mainly through the influence of men who wished to obtain large holdings in the arid West, either for speculative or grazing purposes, and its provisions have been notoriously violated throughout the arid states. If public lands, hereafter, can be acquired only by an actual residence upon them of five years and proper cultivation, the most of the lands of the nation, still remaining, will be occupied by genuine homesteaders.

While every secretary of the interior for more than a quarter of a century past, has contended that the public domain should be held sacredly for citizens of the United States, wishing them to make homes upon it, congress has apparently been adopting every conceivable method to turn the lands over to companies and corporations. Congress should not only repeal the Desert Land Act and the commutation provisions of the Homestead Act, but it should permit no more land scrip to be issued, and it should donate no more land in aid of state institutions. Unless this is done, as I have already stated, there will soon be no public lands left for the people.

If our government lands are hereafter held in trust for home makers, what is now the arid domain will be reclaimed and will contain a population of more than 50,000,000 before the middle of the present century.

In twenty-five or thirty years the population of the United States should not be less than 130,000,000, providing we can furnish homes for our people by preserving and reclaiming the arid domain, and not compel them to cross our northern boundary line, as they are now beginning to do, and to establish their homes under another flag.

Recently, great interest has been awakened in the Canadian provinces, on the subject of reclaiming the dry lands of the Northwest Territory. In the territory of Alberta one of the largest and most successful irrigating systems on the continent has been established, and the lands reclaimed by it are being rapidly occupied by emigrants largely from our farming districts in the upper Mississippi valley. The policy of reclaiming the lands of Alberta, by diverting the waters of the Saskatchewan, so successfully begun, will be rapidly continued. Few people, especially in the eastern part of the United States, realize the vast extent of choice, irrigable wheat lands that lie along the base of the Rocky Mountains in British North America—lands that extend nearly a thousand miles northward from the international boundary, even to the tributaries of the great McKenzie river. Upon these foreign lands people from the United States will establish their homes, unless the equally rich arid lands of our own country are reclaimed and held for home seekers. Beside furnishing homes for our homeless people, we shall contribute immensely to the stability of the nation by the settlement of the arid West, for the more people we have living upon the land, the less danger there will be from labor disturbances and revolutions.

It is not broad statesmanship to

permit the rich country lying between the Mississippi valley and the Pacific Ocean to fall into the possession of men who will establish immense landed estates which will be used only for pasture grounds for herds and flocks. We can not afford to ignore the great question of reclaiming the arid domain, in view of the fact that it is now required for home seekers. The government should not delegate its control of the public lands to the states, nor should it lease any public lands until there can be an intelligent determination of the lands that cannot be occupied by settlers.

Farmers of the middle West and East can have nothing to fear from the increased production that may come from the reclamation and settlement of the arid West, for with the exception of beef and mutton, the surplus farm products of these far western states will find their markets in European and Asiatic countries. But even if there were no markets in the Orient for grain grown on the prairies and table lands of the Rocky Mountain country, the wheat produced east of the one hundredth degree of longitude, will, within twenty-five years, be insufficient to meet the wants of our own people. Unless the arid West is reclaimed and settled, we have actually reached the full limit of our wheat production, for our grain fields now extend to the very western border of the sub-humid region.

Travelers crossing the continent, who look for the first time upon the arid plains of the trans-Missouri country, believe them to be useless except for grazing purposes, but when these lands, which now produce only the gramma grass, the blue joint and dwarf sage, in small quantities, are plowed and irrigated, their fertility becomes wonderful. The black soils of the Red River valley and of the Illinois prairies have never yielded crops of wheat to the acre half so great as those grown in the irrigated

valleys and upon the table lands of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Colorado. These vast stretches of rich but dry lands, over which the waters from the Rocky mountains can be conveyed, will, before long, be reclaimed by the federal government, for this great and rapidly growing nation cannot and will not permit so much of its territory to remain unoccupied save by roving herds.

As fast as these arid lands are reclaimed the way should be open for citizens of the United States to occupy them, and this can be done only by a radical change in our present system of land acts, governing the sale and occupation of the public domain.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE STURDY GAME OF GOLF

By *THAD PAUL*

BASEBALL players scatter when rain falls; the bleachers are deserted by their howling thousands; the aristocrats in the reserved seats hoist umbrellas and seek cars for town. Golf, which we were so lately used to hear mentioned scornfully as a kid-glove game, proves to be of sterner quality. Witness—

The other day, on the links of the Glen View Golf club, near Chicago, two players— young men—were contesting the final round of the national golf championship. The grounds were spongy with constant rains, more was falling, and the line of marched players and spectators through dozens of miniature lakes and rivers. Notwithstanding, the veracious reporters de-

clare that two thousand enthusiasts, men and women, followed the contestants step by step, wading where the leaders waded, cheering their favorites and

LOUIS N. JAMES OF CHICAGO, AMATEUR
CHAMPION GOLF PLAYER OF AMERICA.

Photograph by the C. & C. Co., Masonic Temple, Chicago.



thoroughly enjoying every foot of the road. And when, at the end of the play, the winner's club mates hoisted him in triumph to their shoulders, no applause was heartier or more jubilant than that of the scores of fashionable women who had sacrificed gowns, hats and boots to witness the third triumph of the West in golf.

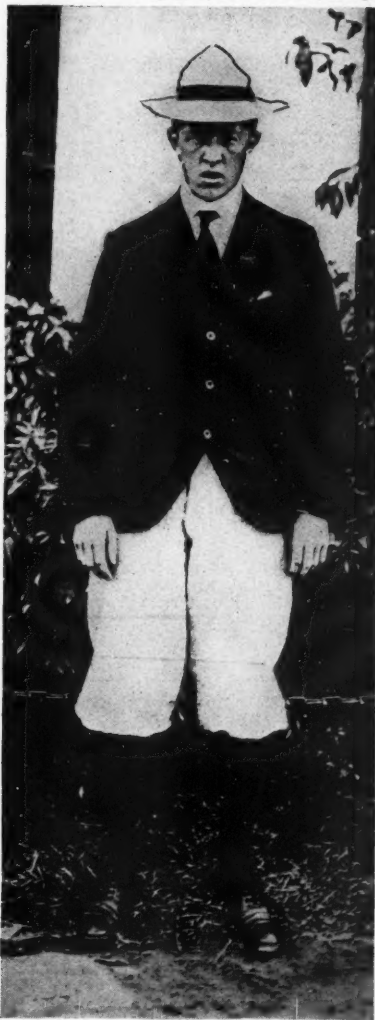
The first western champion was Charles B. McDonald—a Scotchman.

The second western champion was H. J. Whigham—an Englishman.

The third western champion is Louis James—a fine young American. Mr.

C. M. BYERS OF PITTSBURG, RUNNER-UP IN THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1902

Photograph by the C. & C. Co., Chicago



WALTER J. TRAVIS, FORMER AMERICAN GOLF CHAMPION

Photograph by C. & C. Co., Chicago



James is only nineteen years old—a school boy. He wears his honors modestly.

Before the contests were opened, it was thought that Mr. Travis, the champion of 1901, out-classed his field, but he met his master in Mr. Byers, whose skill

brought him into the finals as contestant against Mr. James for the championship. During the early part of the final round, Mr. Byers led and seemed likely to win; but the younger player's magnificent nerve stood him in good stead during

the last half of the play, and he won with a comfortable margin to spare.

There were over half a hundred entrants, the largest number listed in an American golf championship up to date, and the play throughout was of a high

MISS EVA TAYLOR, WHO HAS JUST JOINED THE PITTSBURG STOCK COMPANY

Photograph by Will Armstrong, Boston



class. The tourney was successful in nearly every particular—mainly, perhaps, in the added impetus it will give to public interest in this, the best of all out of door games for the average American business man. There was a time, early in the brief history of the game in America, when it was deemed merely an adjunct to fashion; today it stands for agreeable social intercourse, honest sportsmanship and good health.

CHICAGO.

REVIVAL OF THE STOCK COMPANY THEATERS

RALPH BERGENGREN

JUDGING by present indications the popular priced stock company will take a larger part than ever before in amusing the theatre going public during the coming season. Literally this means that the theater, in the opinions of the experts who organize amusement ventures, will attract a greater number of patrons. There will be no falling off in the number of the higher priced companies nor in the number of individual stars, while at the same time there will be an increase in the num-

ber of stock theaters; therefore, unless, among the stars themselves that the their managers are mistaken in analyzing the success and the character of the audiences that have made the popular priced performance so increasingly successful during the last half dozen years, there must be a proportionate increase in the number of actual theater goers whose attendance will make them profitable investments. The stock company theater already exists in so many of our important cities that the proposed additions to their number not only open up new territory for this form of theatrical enterprise but increase the number actually running in several of the larger centers. The stock companies, the first of which came into existence less than ten years ago, are now so many, so widely scattered and so much alike that one may speak of them in general terms and yet leave the reader to supply specific illustration from his own experience. Incidentally, they have created new audiences and a new class of actors.

This condition, which begins the present dramatic season with more stock companies, perhaps, than have ever before been playing in the United States, is particularly interesting in connection with the familiar wail of the critic for actors trained in the hard school of the stock companies that preceded them. These older companies practically disappeared under the star system; and there is now a discoverable, although as yet very vague and indeterminate, feeling

a well rounded and harmonious performance rather than one in which the leading man and woman are completely satisfying without respect to the excellence or lack of excellence of the rest of the company. The star is not necessarily upon the wane but the con-

MISS MARY SAUNDERS, CASTLE SQUARE THEATER COMPANY, BOSTON Photograph by Sands & Brady, Providence



stellation is becoming of more importance; a fact very much in evidence in the make up of the companies with which many of last season's leading actors were surrounded. Meantime the modern stock company has been gradually taking the place of the old fashioned one,—not, indeed, before the same audiences, but before audiences which have been brought into existence by its lower prices. Where ever the companies have been established they have become family affairs as much as

amusement enterprises. Their audiences seeing, week after week, the same familiar group of players in a different play come naturally to take a personal interest in each individual actor and actress; the name of each becomes, as it were, a household word in a great number of homes in which the theater itself has never before been anything but a very occasional topic of conversation. The profession of the actor is itself humanized in the eyes of many of the audience from the fact that they can hardly fail to

realize, after a time, the tremendous amount of hard work necessitated by the constantly changing program of the stock company.

It has been said more than once that the standard of the modern stage as a whole is very much lowered because the actor does not work so hard as in the days of its earlier history. He or she learns one part and plays it for an entire season in support of some particular star. Put the stock company actor works hard enough to suit the most capacious demand for serious labor. Not only does the company usually give two performances daily, but in addition to the actual play that has the boards during any given week there are the necessary rehearsals for next week's performance.

MR. JOHN CRAIG AS HAMLET IN THE CASTLE SQUARE
PRODUCTION OF THE PLAY IN BOSTON Photograph by Chickering



The working day of the company begins, therefore, at between nine and ten in the morning and ends between eleven and midnight. The work is harder in some respects than that of the old fashioned stock company, and easier in others. The old company had often to produce several plays during the same week, but these plays were also often long familiar to the individual members of the company and required comparatively little grinding. On other occasions—particularly when a star was coming and the company found itself under the necessity of mastering a number of new plays at short notice—it was sometimes a matter of sitting up for hours after the evening performance of one play to prepare for the next morning's rehearsal of another. The modern stock company produces only one play a week but the play itself is not unlikely to be one with which every member of the company is unfamiliar, and that means night work for players who have leading parts, to say nothing of regular morning rehearsals and the stray moments between their appearance on the stage during the afternoon and evening performances. Stage struck youth should spend a week or so behind the scenes of a modern theater. Yet despite this atmosphere of very hard work, it is not difficult to get players.

THE NEWEST PORTRAIT OF MISS VIOLA ALLEN

Miss Allen has spent the summer in Europe, a portion of the time in Rome, where she has been absorbing the local color, preparatory to opening the next season in "The Eternal City."

Photograph by Sarony



The fact that the stock company actor is able to make a home for an entire season in the city in which he is playing is a strong temptation to people who do

since that time there has developed a distinct class of stock company players who are becoming more and more familiar with the standard plays of the stock theater repertory, and therefore more and more adaptable to the conditions of the work. The repertory contains certain plays that are standard plays—"The Rivals," for example, "Rosedale" and others, which will come readily to the mind of any theatre goer. The greater portion of its plays are contemporary, ranging from "Cyrano de Bergerac" to "Ten Nights in a Bar Room;" the Castle Square company of Boston gave last winter twelve very successful performances of Hamlet.

But what the recent growth of these companies means is that they are adding a great number of people to the ranks of those who attend the theater, and are showing these people practically all the modern plays and a certain number of the so-called classical ones. The condition is not without interest to those who believe that the future of the stage in America depends largely upon a quickening of the general popular interest in plays as plays rather than as the vehicles for exhibiting some one well advertised actor or actress.

BOSTON

MISS ELIZABETH KENNEDY Photograph by Burr McIntosh
Miss Kennedy is a young Australian-American actress who will be featured next season as Madame Trentoni in "Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines," Clyde Fitch's clever comedy, under the management of A. Toxen Worm



not, as a whole, enjoy railroad travel, and the pay in a stock company is apt to be excellent. When the first companies were organized the question of finding actors was more difficult, but

Let pessimists reflect on the fact that scandal has ceased to operate as a stage magnet, even as drunkenness has ceased to be a sign of journalistic brilliancy.

THE WOMANHOOD OF NEW MEXICO

A New Phase of the Statehood Plea

By H. I. CLEVELAND

NOW, what I particularly like as to this cry of New Mexico for statehood is that the women of the White Territory ask for it. The politicians are somewhat divided on the subject. The "Mex" vote has an inclination to keep out of the states in dread of coming "Gringo" supremacy; the Democrats are dodging for fear we shall have a new Republican stronghold, and so on, but the blushing and blooming womanhood of the country from Raton to Messila is for expansion and a state seal.

The womanhood of Mexico is superb. It has come up through the bubblings of the crucible of pioneer life to the threshold of a fine civilization, undaunted, unconquered, unspotted. Husbands, brothers, sweet-hearts have gone out into the glare of the plains, to the fastnesses of the mountains, to battle with Apache and desperado, or to fall in the Spanish-American war, and they have waited in the 'dobe, by the poplar or back of the barred door and held the children and home for the return of the wanderers.

I have never wavered in my keen admiration for the pioneer women of Minnesota and the Dakotas, who faced the Sioux and dishonor rather than desert the men they loved; but they had compensations for their sacrifices. Miles of green forest surrounded them; water babbled everywhere from the ground; Nature smiled upon

them from every bush and hill top. The pioneer women of New Mexico—Mexican, Spanish and American, found no purple rimmed horizon to greet them. They entered what was called fifty years ago "a comfortable Hades." That is, the heat was tolerable because the atmosphere was without humidity.

The desert, the lava bed, the inhospitable cactus, the scorpion and the tarantula, and the Apache awaited them. Water was to be had only at peril of life. Social life was unknown save as the saloon brought men together. The East was as remote as the polar star. An awful sameness of color crowned all visible objects. For food there was the native bean, black coffee, and tortilla; for clothing, the simplest and roughest of garb. Yet all this could have been endured but for the frightful isolation of the territory in the early days. It was well and truly out of the world, in touch with other climes only through the sun, moon and stars.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT LLEWELLYN, SON OF MAJOR LLEWELLYN OF LAS CRUCES, N. M.

Photograph by H. I. Cleveland



The hardest test of a woman's nature is to limit her touch with the world.

Just so I said this to a New Mexican

My driver said to me with an air of pride:

"The women of the town made that

LOOKING FOR WILD CATS IN ICE CANYON, NEW MEXICO

Photograph by H. I. Cleveland



woman as we crossed the Glorieta range, grinding our way around the peaks, and she answered:

"I would rather be dead than lonesome. I fought every horror that can come to a woman in the early days when my husband was opening the way for our home here. I can remember how by chance an eastern newspaper came into my hands, after I had not seen one for a year, and before I could read it the tears came to my eyes and my husband found me sobbing. Now, I would not leave New Mexico for the earth and the heavens beside."

I came into Las Cruces and as the coach took me through the town I passed a square, green and beautiful.

park; they just hustled and got it and they are after a public library now."

I asked why they did not try Mr. Carnegie.

"They did once," said the driver, "but they never got an answer to their letter."

Well, I am sure if Mr. Carnegie could journey down to the shadow of the Organ mountains where lies Las Cruces, he would see to it that the New Mexican womanhood there had its public library in short order. For of such womanhood is the kingdom of Heaven.

And these women desire statehood. It means a great deal to them. It will unlock the gates of commerce, it will give stability of local securities,

will provide a certainty of social order and progress that territorial government can never give, even with as fine a governor as Manuel Otero, or as charming

a woman of the White Land as Madam, the governor's wife.

The irrigating ditch has brought blossom and fruit to the valleys of New

MRS. A. B. RENEHAN, A TYPICAL BEAUTY OF NEW MEXICO

Mrs. Renehan is said to be the most beautiful woman in the territory; of course every loyal husband will dispute the claim, though disinterested critics might very readily admit it. She is the wife of a prominent attorney of Santa Fe and prominent in the social life of that ancient city. Photograph by the C. & C. Co.



Mexico, the hidden reservoirs of the waters have been found. Mines are opening their wealth of gold, cities are springing up, the Sante Fe has girdled the new land with iron rails, and the days of want and deprivation are passed. New Mexico has demonstrated that she can sustain and govern herself. She needs no aid now save in two cases—national support of irrigation, and national consent to statehood.

Irrigation under national control means the opening of the richest soil in the world to cultivation. It means that the Rio Grande will occupy to its drainage territory the same position that the Nile does to Egypt. Statehood means permanent establishment of civil rights, a recognized place in the sisterhood of states, a financial longitude and latitude determined by a state governor and legislature and a constitutional convention.

A woman there was once, of New Mexico, who sat in the night and waited for the return of her husband and boy child from the trail. And the day came and after that men who told her that cattle thieves had murdered both and that their bodies could not be found. And there was another woman who left

her 'dobe at night with a babe under one arm and a rifle in the hollow of the other and she sat by the trail where her husband must come, and when he did come and the Apaches rose to greet him she was there also and she fought his way out to safety with him.

Still another woman of this beautiful land—beautiful now because pluck and endurance have opened the ways and brought the orchard, grass and settled home—for months rode the plain to gather about her Mexican children who must know how to read and how to write. A "bad" man met her one day and asked her for a kiss and she answered him:

"A dog of New Mexico wouldn't insult a woman."

"Madam," said the plains rider, "I am of New Mexico too, and I apologize."

Women of such stuff have kept the home, have reared the children with a keen touch for books and music, have put the best foot forward to entertain magnates from the East, have cheered for McKinley and hurrahed for Roosevelt, have taken the worst of territorial days and now ask for the best of statehood days.

They name their babies down there for

A GROUP OF LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF NEW MEXICO

Photograph by H. I. Cleveland



Theodore Roosevelt and they believe in what is good. In the homes are the latest magazines, books that have not yet been read in the East, music, paintings, photographs. There is a healthful refinement unchoked by ancient conventionalities. The femininity is strictly feminine, too. Thus, I came upon a camp at the entrance to Ice Canyon and I found three palpitating young women behind a tree, while a young New Yorker carefully approached the camp tent rifle in hand.

"Senor," said one of the young women, "there is a wild cat in there."

I also sought the tree cover. But the cat was not there and did not appear until late that night, when the same girls that had taken to tree in the day time, rose and with a 45 Colts filled Mr. Cat with lead streaked holes.

Still another, passing up the mountain side, gun in hand, heard a "hiss" back

of her and turned to see a rattlesnake. One turn of her gun barrel brought him in line and killed him. She wound her hat band with his rattles.

New Mexico is no longer isolated. She has schools, churches, open avenues, the fine development of the Santa Fe system, the coming growth of the Rock Island, the building of many lateral lines, mines of extraordinary richness, fertile lands, extensive water rights, a law abiding population.

Above all this is her womanhood, the woman who came from comfort and safety with father and husband to make the home gaining battle in the old land of the Pueblos; the woman who, loving and loved, has given the best of herself to keeping Home for the pioneer, to maintaining the hearthstone virtues, to upholding Love and Faith through all the hard years of waiting for the necessary right to be a State.

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

HOW long will the American people, otherwise fairly intelligent, permit a group of cold-blooded, bull-headed capitalists to operate a great natural monopoly—the coal mines—on the public-be-damned basis? Will the average American citizen, chucking ten-dollar coal into his hungry furnaces this winter, and reflecting on the gaunt misery in tens of thousands of miners'

cabins, continue to treat as anarchic the suggestion that the people, through their government, should buy and operate the coal mines? Is he really satisfied, anyway, with conditions as they are,—the men who mine the coal alternatively working long hours for scant pay and striking for the right to live like human beings; the average house holder, who simply must have the coal, forced to pay

exorbitant prices for it, and a few men, controlling mines and coal roads, through these properties becoming so rich and arrogant that they constitute a dangerous menace to public peace and morality. Is the average American citizen really satisfied with this state of affairs? Or would he prefer to see the mines owned and operated by the government,—the miners paid decent wages, their children sent to school instead of into the mines and their living guaranteed during industry and good behavior; coal selling to all comers at one price, and that a fair one, lower, as it certainly should and could be, than any price that has been paid to private operators; reasonable profits flowing into the public treasury instead of unreasonably large profits flowing into the coffers of individuals?

As for me, I could never discern the least reason why, if individuals were permitted to monopolize nature's gifts of fuel or food, they should not also be allowed to monopolize nature's gift of light, or of air. The one is as logical as

HENRY HARLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF BOX" Courtesy of John Lane.



the other — and all are alike utterly damnable in their theory and in their

THE LATE BRET HARTE, FOREMOST OF AMERICAN SHORT STORY WRITERS Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



consequences. There is urgent need of a new leader and a new democracy, which shall call into its ranks the really patriotic and enlightened members of both the old political machines. The American Revolution brought us all into partnership politically: the next step is to get into equal partnership industrially. We are still operating under the law of the jungle—wolf eat rabbit, tiger eat wolf. We want to make good on some part of our pretensions to Christianity, to realize the spirit of brotherhood.

There is no more melancholy spectacle than a young man ruled by the belief that he can win any success worth the name through dishonesty. He sacrifices for present vanity his chance to enjoy the finest pleasures of life, and in the end deceives no one but himself.

If you like the National Magazine, buy it and ask your friends to buy it.



BECAUSE OF THE DAYS THAT WERE

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

GIRT about by its own red hills, in the midst of its waving grain fields, its acres of cotton and its broad stretches of fertile corn land, shadowed by its massive oaks a century old, now lit by the smile of the Southern sunshine, now wet with the tears of the Southern rain, stands the quaint old town of Keowee. Long ago, there used to be a rivalry between Keowee and the neighboring town of Bellville; but Bellville has the court house now, and electric lights and a standpipe that is no sham, but which really holds some water, so Keowee has fallen far behind and no longer yearns after Progress.

In the long, hot days of summer, when the thermometer creeps into the nineties and the cotton fields shimmer in a haze of heat, when the western breezes faint and die and the rain delays its coming, Bellville still bestirs herself, but Keowee is dull and somnolent. There is little business then, and that little is transacted on Saturday afternoons. On other days the men of Keowee, stripped to their shirt sleeves because of the heat, play at checkers or else sit out on the shady sidewalks and, leaning their chairs against the rough boles of the trees, doze peacefully until the darkness comes.

But when the cotton season opens Keowee wakes up. The winter is coming, but neither rain nor storm can stop the rush of humanity now. The streets and the open lots are crowded, here with heavy, prosperous looking

wagons from the river plantations, there with the poorer vehicles of the hillside farmers, and all are laden with bales and bales of newly ginned cotton. In summer it requires an effort for Keowee to cash a twenty dollar check, but now the bills pass from man to man in big, fluttering handfuls. The town has become a warehouse and a clearing house as well, where a whole year's "credit business" is being "settled up."

It was in what the natives call the "shank" of a drizzly November afternoon. A raw north-east wind sent veils of flying mist scudding across the face of the leaden sky and the brown leaves, what were left of them, fell limply to the sodden earth. The fields, too, were deserted and bare and from the sides of the gullied hills little streams of yellow, clay-stained water trickled down to wander aimlessly in the long corn rows and to lose themselves in the loose soil of the "bottoms." The cattle in the pasture lands had long since gone home to their sheltering stalls and the birds were hidden in the evergreen depths of the pines, but the height of the "cotton season" was at hand and the streets of Keowee were full of restless, bedraggled people.

They formed a motley throng. Cotton buyers in long rubber coats jostled against the lean faced, tough muscled farmers; gentlemanly looking planters of the old regime stroked their gray moustaches, shook the raindrops from their soft black hats and gave directions

to their teamsters; well clad negroes and ragged ones, men, women and children, moved steadily on, braving the chilling wind and trampling the red clay streets into a mire of tenacious mud. In the low, brick stores, where the crowds ceaselessly ebbed and flowed, the clerks threw down, with reckless abandon, before prospective buyers, shoes and hats and gaudy calicos. Here, too, the negroes laughed and chaffered, while the proprietors sat with their bookkeepers in little railed off spaces at the ends of the counters receiving their "regular customers" and writing receipts "in full of all demands to date."

In Williamson's, however, the last branch of the business had come to a momentary standstill. For the last half hour Colonel John Larkin, of the River-view plantation and one of Williamson's largest customers, had been seated in the proprietor's easy chair at the proprietor's private desk, looking over the long, closely written sheets that set forth in orderly array the items charged against him. Three of these items, each entered as "Order, Tol Haskins," and, in all, amounting to the even sum of ten dollars, he had carefully checked with his pencil. Again he scanned the sheets closely, referring now and then to a little book bound in red leather, which he had taken from his pocket. Presently he looked up and called to Williamson.

"Three mistakes only," he said as he turned his chair to the open fireplace where the merchant was standing. "All orders to Tol Haskins. Never gave Tol Haskins an order in my life."

The bookkeeper looked up quickly from his work. If there were mistakes they were probably traceable to him, and Williamson did not tolerate mistakes.

"The orders are on file, Colonel," he said quietly.

Williamson smiled his approval. He was a business man and liked business methods, but the old Colonel raised his

shaggy eyebrows incredulously and took from his pocket a pearl handled knife. Then he felt in another pocket and not finding what he wanted extended his hand to the merchant. They had known each other from boyhood and many words were not needed between them. Williamson handed over a small section of "Triple A" tobacco, from which the Colonel cut a chew carefully and deliberately. It was his way of saying, "Williamson, whatever comes of this, our relations remain unaltered. What is ten dollars between me and thee?" And Williamson understood him.

When he had turned the tobacco in his cheek and spat twice upon the blazing hickory logs in the fireplace, he opened the conversation again.

"May I ask to see those orders?" he inquired politely.

"Certainly, Colonel," answered the bookkeeper, for anticipating the request he had already taken down his file and was pushing the bits of paper back and forth with his fingers.

"Here is one of them now," he added presently.

The Colonel took the order and he and Williamson looked at it while the bookkeeper searched for the others. It was written on a scrap of an envelope in a fine, even hand, little enough like the Colonel's rugged scrawl.

"That's not your writing, John," said Williamson decidedly.

"No," answered the Colonel. "And the others'll be just like it. Let's settle."

"All right. Let's see—seven sixty-nine eighty less ten—seven fifty-nine eighty," and Williamson began writing a receipt while the Colonel counted out some bills.

After the Colonel had gone, and the lateness of the hour had turned the tide of people homeward, Williamson sat for a long time looking into the fire and musing. Suddenly he looked up.

"By the way, Gordon," he said to the

bookkeeper, "go down to Barker's office and swear out a warrant against Tol Haskins for forgery."

Barker was a justice of the peace.

II.

Big Tom Tolliver, the shaggy haired, gray bearded sheriff at Bellville, was troubled when the warrant came for Tol Haskins' arrest. He did not care a "thrip" for Tol, but Tol had a mother, a little, old, weazened negro woman with faded eyes and a gentle touch, whom the sheriff knew.

Old Aunt Nancy Haskins had once been a slave in the Tolliver family and had "nussed all de chillun" from Big Tom down to little blue eyed Leontine, who had died "endurin' of de war." And Big Tom remembered how, in the days when he was not Big Tom, but little, helpless Tom, he had lain in her arms and listened to her crooning lullabies; how, when the dark nights came, she had told him awesome tales of witches and ha'nts; and then, lest he be afraid, after she had tucked him in his little crib, how she had sat beside him holding his hand in hers until the lights burned low and her songs grew sad and his heavy eyelids closed in slumber.

She did not live with any of the Tollivers now, but down by the bend of the creek on the Bellville and Keowee "big road," where a little corner of "de ole place" had been cut off and deeded to "her, her heirs and assigns forever" her little whitewashed cabin stood. It was a quiet, pleasant spot. Around it rose the forest clad hills where the wild birds nested and the squirrels played. Over it huge white oak trees stretched their sheltering arms to screen it from the heat of the summer sun and the force of the winter wind. Sunflowers bloomed in their season in the little yard, and at the foot of the garden the clear waters of the creek rippled musically as they forced a passage over the clean, white stones.

And here the sheriff on summer afternoons, when wearied with his long ride from town to town, would stop and, sitting out in the cool shade of the trees, would drink buttermilk fresh from the liquid depths of the moss covered "spring 'ouse," while he talked to Aunt Nancy of the old days that had been and were not.

At other times the old woman toiled painfully into Bellville, and although his hair had grown gray, his face gaunt and hard, his eyes stern, Big Tom felt a thrill of something that was not all pride when he heard her tremulous voice asking to see "her boy." For he was "her boy," filling his own place in that great mother-heart—a heart big enough for all her mistress' children as well as her own. And to him, as to a son, she came in all of her troubles, strong in her simple faith that the last drop of Tolliver blood would answer to any call of old Aunt Nancy Haskins.

All this the sheriff knew, and he winced when he thought that now in her extremity, when the gates of a prison yawned for the only child of her body, the Tolliver blood must seem to fail her. What did she know of the law and the duties of its officers? What was a sheriff to her? No one was greater, in her mind, than Big Tom Tolliver, and if Tol Haskins went to jail, to her it would seem that Big Tom Tolliver had sent him.

Once he had thought to hide his share in the arrest by employing a deputy, but he loathed a coward and could not. Then he smoothed out a ten dollar bill and wondered if Williamson would not withdraw the warrant provided the money were replaced. Compounding a felony it was, and Williamson had fought him in the last election. Clearly the plan was futile, and calling for his horse he started sorrowfully to make the arrest.

In the meantime Tol Haskins was ill at ease. He did not live with his

mother, but had hired himself out on one of the river plantations that lie to the north of Keowee; and a river plantation is a bad place for such as Tol. For, as Big Tom Tolliver expressed it, there was "a weak streak somewhere about the boy," and, because the big plantations have need of many laborers, numbers of the idle and the dissolute gather here. There, as elsewhere, these essay to live upon the labor of their more industrious fellows, and when an "easy mark" like Tol arrives they fleece him to the skin.

There are no luxurious rooms among the cabins, it is true; no yielding upholstery and lacquered tables; but there are black bottles and decks of greasy cards; and a pine torch stuck in a stump in the midst of a leafy thicket lights for the negro quite as easy a road to ruin as that the white man finds garnished with green cloth, electricity, and long stemmed glasses. Easy enough poor Tol had found it, and it led at last to the forging of orders with Colonel Larkin's name attached.

Now he was wondering if they had yet found him out. Once he had felt that he was safe, but that was long ago in the pleasant summer time, when the day for checking accounts seemed far away in the future; and the amount, too, had seemed small then -- so small that Colonel Larkin must assuredly overlook it. But now it was different. The time seemed to have passed too quickly, and Tol remembered with a shudder of apprehension the little red leather book in which the Colonel took note of his orders. Yesterday he had seen the Colonel's wagons moving the cotton to market, and today the trouble would come. A nameless dread enveloped him and he could not work, but sat in his cabin door watching the winding stretch of muddy hillside road that led through the brown, bare cotton fields and by the leafless, wind-swept hedges, until at last it crossed a belt of open

woodland and came to Riverview, where the Colonel lived.

It was the Colonel whom Tol expected, yet dreaded to see. He found himself wondering whether the grim old man would consent to "take it out in work." If he only would, and not whip him! For Tol knew that the Colonel *had* whipped men who were caught stealing his goods, and that those men had become the laughing stock of the whole plantation. That the Colonel would send him to jail he had not the faintest idea. He knew the Colonel, and the Colonel did not believe in putting good "field hands" in jail.

So with many misgivings Tol waited until the morning had passed away and the west wind had swept the clouds from the sky, but still the Colonel did not come and the negro grew impatient. He had wrought himself up to meet his punishment and now it seemed to him that anything was better than this helpless suspense of waiting and wondering. If only his mother might not know, even the whipping would be easier. Suddenly a spasm of decision shot through his breast. Why not go to the Colonel and confess and have the matter out. He hesitated a moment, startled at his own courage, and then, lest that courage fail him, started at a run which he did not slacken until the great white porch of Riverview stood well in his sight. He felt better now. He would ask the Colonel to whip him and not let the others know, and he would work hard, very hard, to pay back the Colonel's money. He shrank, however, when Janie Ann, the Colonel's housemaid, opened the door, for he liked Janie Ann more than a little and feared lest she suspect his shame. But she went away quietly, and after pausing to catch his breath, now short from running and excitement, Tol set his trembling, ashen lips and walked into the Colonel's presence.

The old man was writing and barely looked up.

"Well?" he said, interrogatively, and then catching the identity of his visitor he shut his lips close and frowned.

The negro toyed shamefacedly with his hat and shuffled uneasily from foot to foot.

"Colonel," he said finally, struggling to keep his trembling voice from breaking, "I come ter see 'bout dem orders."

"What orders?" asked the Colonel blandly. He remembered that Tol had not been arrested yet and he did not wish to give the criminal a chance to escape.

For a moment Tol stood astounded. Was it possible that the Colonel did not know after all? The temptation to put off the evil day yet a little while was great, but presently he mastered it and stammered out his story.

The white man listened judicially, and when it was ended again asked, "Well?"

"Ef—ef I mout wuk hit out—?" hesitated the negro, humbly.

"You'd better see Williamson about that," answered the Colonel decisively.

"You see here, Tol," he continued, turning in his chair and placing the tips of his fingers carefully together, "this is between Williamson and you. You got his goods, not mine. I'm out of it, and I'm glad that I am."

The negro turned his head and turning sought blindly for the door. The very ground seemed reeling under his feet as he went out. He had tried to do right and this was the end of it all. Williamson would put him in jail he knew, and from there he would be sent to the penitentiary to wear his life out in the phosphate mines, where men died like sheep with the rot. Why, only last week Tom Boykin had come home from there—sent there by Williamson three years ago for falsepacking cotton—and his wrists and ankles were eaten into the bone with the great scars that the irons

had made. From Tom he had heard of those mines where men dug day after day in racking chill and burning fever, raising up rock from the beds of the stagnant streams, tired always but resting never, until at last they fell from fatigue and slipped out of sight, hidden forever by the thick green scum that covered the face of the slimy water. A fury seized him, and in his desperation he cut a thick, short cudgel. He would not go to the mines to dig for the rock that was covered with dead men's bones, nor wear his life out in that low coast country of marsh and river and gloomy swamp. He would die first—die here, on the old red hills where his mother had borne him!

But when his blind passion was past he thought of a better plan. He would just run away and hide himself in some far off spot where they could not find him. Out in the West there was work for such as he—he did not know exactly where, but he thought he could find it—and he would start today. He had reached home by this time, so he hurried about, tying his clothes into a bundle and putting bread and some meat in his pockets. When all was ready he stepped out. The northeast storm was all gone now, leaving its traces only in the dark gray fields and the muddy wheel-cut roads. The air was cold and bracing, the heavens crystal clear, and the pale sunlight of the later autumn fell lightly on hill and wood and distant river. Far away, somewhere in the dark green growth of the pine land that belted the spaces between the hill top forests and the level corn land of the "bottoms," the ringing of axes could be heard and the chanting voices of the axemen as they cleft the soft white wood and laid it in stacks to dry. Over a worn out field, thickly covered with yellowing sedges, a great, gray-breasted hen hawk circled low, almost brushing the herbage with his wings as he searched for a hiding rabbit or a covey of shy, brown par-

tridges; while here and there, rising high over the tops of the trees, tiny blue columns of circling smoke marked the locations of farmhouses and of low double roomed cabins. It was a goodly land, and Tol Haskins sighed at the thought that he was looking upon it perhaps for the last time in all his poor, ignorant life. He did not linger, however, but stepping into the beaten foot path that skirted the red mud of the road he hurried away. He had no thought of the Colonel's relenting—no thought of help from any one. His world had turned against him and was thrusting him out.

Thus, with bitter fancy, saddling his own misdeeds on the world's broad shoulders, even as wiser men are wont to do, Tol plodded on along the deserted highway until at last he came to the spot where the Bellville road debouches into that leading out from Keowee, by the big plantations and on to the Sand Ridge ferry beyond. He could not go through Keowee, for Williamson was there and might arrest him, while in Bellville was the very jail which now he labored to escape. He stopped a moment to consider, and gazed absently at the wooden signpost that stood in the angle of the roads. Suddenly he heard behind him the clatter of a horse's hoofs and, turning, his eyes met those of Big Tom Tolliver.

All the way from Bellville the sheriff had been worrying over this arrest and now he cursed in his heart the malingering fate that had sent him an hour too soon, for at this moment he knew that Tol Haskins was running away. His duty was plain, however, so he laid his hand on the fugitive's shoulder and read the warrant as the law directs. But when this formality was accomplished he did not produce his handcuffs as he should have done, but rode carelessly along beside the path, half hoping that the negro might yet escape.

But as far as Tol had departed from many of his mother's precepts, there was

one which he could not forget. The Tollivers had "raised" him; to the Tollivers his homage was due, and where a Tolliver led he must be ready to follow. From another he would have fled, and gladly. Another he might even have stricken down with a wayside stone in the hope of a surer escape. But a Tolliver had come for him, and in Tol's poor, simple soul a Tolliver stood next to his God. Therefore, he laid his black hand upon the sheriff's stirrup and toiled faithfully on, keeping pace with the horse through the deep mud of the roads, loyal to the last though his loyalty led to a dungeon.

And so they went on to Keowee, where Barker made out the "commitment," then over the long red hill and into the Bellville road. And Big Tom Tolliver was thinking—thinking of Aunt Nancy Haskins.

III.

In the meantime Colonel John Larkin of the Riverview plantation was thinking of Tol. At first he had felt sure that he had acted rightly in regard to the negro. He had been lenient with his tenants in their little peculations from himself, for it was a theory of his that "a negro *will* steal;" but never before had a case of forgery been known on his plantation, and of this one he thought an example should be made. Besides, as he had told Tol, the matter of punishment was Williamson's affair and not his own at all.

But now, after the lapse of an hour, and since he had heard of Tol's arrest, the Colonel was not so certain. Theoretically his position was as impregnable as ever, but something had set him thinking of a blue-eyed willowy girl—Tom Tolliver's sister, whom he had married away back yonder in the days of his fresh young manhood. Today he could almost see her again, as she floated lightly in her gauzy draperies to the music of

some old fashioned dance, or loitered among the roses that grew in the green old garden back at the Tolliver place. He had not been there for years, but for him those roses never died. Winter and summer he pictured them there just as he pictured her—young, and fresh and blooming. He had not had her long. When the first spring roses came he had married her, and with the summer roses she had gone to everlasting rest.

It was on a November day—a chill, gray day like yesterday—that he had sat by her bedside holding her little hands and watching her faint breath come slower and slower.

"I am afraid, John," she had said, "so afraid, for it is dark, John, and cold—over there," and with misty, unseeing eyes he had kissed her his last goodbye. And then she had whispered something and old Aunt Nancy Haskins had taken her up in her arms like a little child and sung her to sleep—this time a long, long

sleep—just as she used to do back at the Tolliver place.

The Colonel was not a scientific man; he was not even a very good man. He could not say just why he knew, but he did know, nevertheless, that somewhere that blue-eyed girl had wakened again, that somewhere she was waiting for him—and for old Nancy Haskins.

It was not a very reasonable act—the Colonel was not even sure that it was just—but he reached out for his pen and scribbled a note to Williamson. "See that Tol Haskins is released," it said, "and I will stand good for the debt."

The roses at the Tolliver place were dead, and the woman he had loved, she was dead, too—long since gone to lie down among the gray graves of the quiet little hillside churchyard—but somehow the Colonel thought that she knew—and he was happier because of that thought.

ANDERSON, S. C.




REMEMBER !


AS one who cried "Remember Death, Oh, King!"
 And brought the grinning Death's head to the board —
 What time above the rose-crowned table poured
 The wine and song of Egypt's reveling —
 So to the feast of Love, behold, I bring
 A heavy thought, like some dissonant chord,
 Heard through sweet music — broken and abhorred,
 Nor can its voice be stilled by anything.

"Take thou, thy fill," it says, "of dance and feast —
 How came this love of thine no heart may know —
 Take heed! Take heed! lest when ye fear it least
 Love that is held by no man's hand shall go,"
 Even as to that Pharoah passed one saith,
 Above the wine, "Oh, King, remember Death!"

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.



OLD YOUNG



By WILLARD DILLMAN

FIFTEEN years ago the ground where Humboldt now stands was a fertile wheat field. Twenty years ago it was wild, unbroken prairie, whereon the foot of white man had seldom trod. The first child born in Humboldt is now but twelve years old. His name is Oscar Peterson, and at the time of his birth there were but three buildings in the town: his father's store, the depot, and McGinnis's elevator.

When I arrived with my army press, my case of long primer, and my four fonts of display type, the town was experiencing quite a boom, and I felt like Aeneas as he stood gazing down upon the building of Carthage. And as the boom did not at once subside upon my arrival, and as Humboldt has continued to grow, however slowly, ever since, I, with my journalistic views as to the power of the press, attribute much of the town's present importance to the strenuous influence of the Humboldt Mail.

Our citizens hail from all parts of the country—from all parts of the world, I might almost say—set down here, as it were, by the hand of chance. Peterson is a Swede, McGinnis was born in Ireland, Ole Mogard came from Norway, Schroeder, the station agent, is of German parentage; Paul Burns, the engineer, is a Scot, and we have English, Danes and Swiss among our representative citizens. It requires but a brief residence upon the prairie, however, and a few years of participation in township and county government to develop good

citizenship, and all of the inhabitants of Humboldt are now intensely American. No where are the teachings of our fathers more revered, no where are the blessings of liberty more devoutly prized than here.

Notwithstanding the extreme youth of the town, and the cosmopolitan character of its inhabitants, it possesses many of the elements of comedy and tragedy that are usually conceived to abound only in communities that have attained to a great age.

One of my first subscribers in Humboldt was Stephen Young, "Old Young," as he was paradoxically called. Mr. Young was proprietor of the Humboldt City Dray Line, consisting of himself, his wagon, and his big team of bays.

"No use tryin' to build up a town 'thout a noospaper," said he. "A town 'thout a noospaper is like a little boy blue 'thout no horn. 'Taint' got nothin' to blow with. An' I s'pose if I pay yi in advance, it'll be all the same. I ain't like the feller that subscribed fer my nephew's paper once. He took the paper 'bout three year, an' fin'ly my nephew ask 'im fer 'is pay. 'Oh, I didn't cal'late to pay yi fer it,' the feller sez. 'I jes took it to help yi along,' he sez."

Stephen Young was a large, round man, and walked with a slight limp, his right leg having been injured in the army. There was a certain bluster about his accounts of the feats and broil of battle in which he had participated that caused many of his tales to be discredited

and detracted somewhat from his dignity. If any doubts existed as to his fighting qualities, however, they were removed by a series of incidents which occurred during the first year of my residence in Humboldt.

One morning in June a crew of men were employed two miles north of our town, unloading a car of steel rails for the new railroad that was being constructed parallel with ours. Through the heavy air the long, low clanging of the dropping rails sounded, and a group of us stood in front of the Mail office, listening to the unusual sound. Stephen Young was more intent than the rest of us, and as he listened his eyes took on a far-away look.

"Say, do yi know what that sounds like to me?" he asked. "That sounds jest like the cannonadin' around Vicksburg thirty year ago."

"Yes, an' some of yer shootin' around Vicksburg didn't pan out very good," said Bill Griggs, who was standing near. Bill Griggs was a heavy teamster, who came from a secession neighborhood in Minnesota. He had been in Humboldt only a short time, but had already established quite a reputation as a bully and an unpleasant fellow generally.

"How so?" asked Stephen Young sharply.

"Some of yer mines, fer instance," said Griggs, with a dark look.

"Mines is legitimate warfare," said Young. "'Tain't like when that rebel Forrest captured a little fort an' murdered all the soldiers he found in it."

"An' some of them gallant charges you made fell kind of flat, didn't they?"

"Well, we succeeded in doin' somethin', an' that's more'n you ever done, by the looks of yi."

"Yes, you starved um out, same as them boys drown'd out a gopher. That wan't no great feat."

"It was feat enough so Abraham Lin-

coln wrote General Grant a letter thankin' him fer his good work."

"That long legged ol' upstart! What did he—"

Bill Griggs never finished that sentence, for he was felled to the sidewalk by a ponderous blow under the chin, dealt by Old Young. Those who have never heard the martyred president derided can never know how it makes the hot blood rush to the head and throws a red film over the eyes. Old Young had acted before the rest of us had awakened to the sting of the insult, but I believe there was not one in the crowd who would not have resented the calumny in a similar manner a moment later.

"I wan't no rebel," said the prostrate bully by way of apology.

"No, if ye'd been a rebel soldier, yi mean, small, sneakin' whelp, I'd hev some respect fer yi. I ain't got no fault to find with the rebel soldiers. They was brave men, an fit like brave men. It's you mean, low lived copperheads that makes me the tireddest. I went into Vicksburg an' talked with lots of rebel soldiers, an shared my hardtack with um. An' after the war I worked in harvest fields with dozens of rebels, an' I alwis found um good honest fellers an' reliable friends. I'll take off my hat to a rebel soldier any time with the same hand that I'll slap your vile mouth with."

"Lemme up!" said Bill Griggs, and when he had risen and slunk away a few paces, he turned with an evil leer and said, "I'll lay fer yi. Plague on yi, ol' Steve Young, I'll lay fer yi."

"I've heerd you sneakin' cowards threaten afore," said the old soldier, and paid no more attention to him.

Old Young had never married, and at this time he lived with his aged sister in a little cabin at one side of the village. When the Indians on the reservation west of us broke out that fall, there was much consternation in the town and neighborhood. One evening when the

excitement was at its height, a freight train waited at the depot to convey the inhabitants over into Minnesota, an attack being surely expected that night. When we were all prepared to embark, it was discovered that Old Young and his sister were not present, and I was sent to the cabin to summon them. I found the old man watching at the bedside of his sister, who was very ill.

"Hurry, Mr. Young," said I. "The train is waiting for you. The Indians are coming. We've got to fly. I'll help carry your sister."

"What say, sir? Injuns? I half expected um. Well, sis is too sick to be toted 'round. I'll stay here an' tend her. Tell um I ain't comin'."

"But we can carry your sister to the train in a jiffy," said I.

"Tud be the death of her to take her out in this cold weather. No, sir. She's took care of me enough when I was a little boy. I won't desert her now."

"But if you stay here the Indians will kill you both," I protested.

"I doubt it," said he, taking a long, rusty musket and looking it over. "I've seen Injuns afore, an' I know I can stave um off fer a good while. An' if they do git us at last, why, sis an' me has lived about long enough, anyway. We'll stay here."

So saying, the old soldier tucked the clothing about his sister—it was cold in the cabin—and resumed his seat at the bedside. I hastened to the depot and reported the old man's decision. It had the effect of restoring a sort of confidence in the inhabitants, and prevented our contemplated flight. The Indians did not come that night.

It was not long, however, until the outbreak began to assume a more serious aspect. The small bands of Indians who rode through town every day bore a sinister appearance, and reports came from regions less than one hundred miles west of us where the ravages of Indian

warfare had already begun to be felt.

At that time the Humboldt Mail had a limited circulation, and I was its editor, compositor, pressman and mailing clerk. I had heard that Sarah Young had almost recovered from her illness, and one evening I went over to the cabin to confirm the report, so that I might publish the gratifying news in my paper. As I entered the cabin I found the old lady busied about her supper dishes, and the warmth and comfort of the little room was so enticing that I could not bring myself to depart at once.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the old lady. "Steve's out to the stable doin' his chores. He'll be in in a minute."

"What did Mr. Young say about your taking care of him when he was a boy?" I asked. (Those who wish to be entertained and instructed should cultivate the habit of inducing old people to talk of their youth.)

"Oh, I did take care of Steve from the time our parents died till the war broke out. When Steve got home from the war he was able to take care of himself anywhere. An' durin' the past few years he's be'n takin' care of me purty stiddy."

"Your brother was a soldier?" I suggested.

"Steve was a soldier," she answered simply. "Here, I'll git yi our old album. There's a pictur' Steve had took in his soldier clo'es. Purty much all the soldiers wore queer lookin' overcoats like that in the days of the war."

"Here's a letter," I said.

"Yes; I alwis kep that letter. Steve wrote me quite a number durin' the war, but I've lost all the others. We was turrible glad to git a letter in them days."

The envelope was faded and yellow. The superscription, written in large, awkward characters, had nearly disappeared.

"He's told me how he come to write that letter, too, but I've most fergot now.

He says he was layin' wounded on the field, an' the battle was goin' on all around him. He sez he wan't able to walk er even crawl away, bein' shot in the hip, an' there he laid, waitin' to die. He sez he never expected to git out of that alive, for they was preparin' fer another charge, right over the ground where him an' the rest of um laid. So he sez he jest leaned up agin a stump an' wrote off them few lines, thinkin' they might mebbe reach me some way."

I looked again at the faded epistle in my hand, and a wonder grew upon me. He had believed it to be his dying message to a sister. How did the writer feel toward the sister he was leaving, toward the enemy of his country, toward the government he believed he had given his life for?

The old lady wondered that I should sit there so long, gazing at this yellow envelope. At last she seemed to understand the wish that I could not express, for she said:

"W'y, you can read it if yi want to. Steve wouldn't care. There's nothin' to it."

I opened the letter reverently. How old it was! How soiled and wrinkled! The writing, what an awkward scrawl, scarce half a dozen lines to the page! What was this stain at the the top? It looked like blood. Here on another page was a redder stain. Blood of a dying soldier! Blood he had shed for his country! I read:

"Dere Sis—I take my pen in hand to tell yi that we are fightin on Champion hill. An we are gon to git her. Generil Hovey is a turrible fighter an he wont give it up neether. I am into his command. I am now shot bad in the hip. We fit the best we could. Them wot aint shot is gon on. They air fightin good. The flags is wavin yit. I wisht I was there but I aint. You may git this letter an you may not. If eny of our ofcers would come along id give it to um. If not I'll be holdin it in my hand wen they come tomorrer wen they

come to berry the dead. I done wot I cud fer my country, and i hope it will git saved. I recollect the prars you ust to make me say. I ave said um considerable menny times lately. It seems good to say um. I am gon to say um when I git this here letter dun. I can't write no more i am so dry an tired. Id give lots fer one drink of woter out of our old wood bucket sis. An so hopin this may find you the same i close your ever lovin Brother Steve."

"Yes, Steve was a good soldier," the old lady resumed, "an' barrin' the few fights he ust to git into, he was alwis a good boy. Now, there's the ol' army musket he brought home with him, if yi care to look at it. Steve says he don't know how many Johnnies he's killed with that gun. You see that there nick in the borl? He's told me how that come there, but I fergit now. Steve, tell the editor about that nick in yer musket," she said to her brother, who came in at that moment with a pail of milk.

"Well, sir," said the old man, as he washed his hands at the stand, "that was in the Battle of the Wilderness. We was resistin' a charge of the en'my's cavalry. Our colonel—ol' Colonel Callihan, he was cap'in of a fire company in Milwaukee afore the war—he'd jest got shot through the left side, an' I was helpin' him to the rear. Jest then a troop of the cavalry broke through our lines an' come gallopin' after us, slashin' right an' left as they passed. One Johnnie struck me top the head, but some way his saber turned flat er else he'd a split my head plum open. Blow knocked the both of us down, anyway, an' the Colonel sez, 'I guess we're done fer this time.' 'No we ain't, Colonel,' sez I, gittin' onto my feet ag'in an' grabbin' my gun. The Colonel got up too w'en he see I wan't killed, an' jest then the rebel lootenant come along an' aimed a turrible blow with his sword at the Colonel's head. I raised this here ol' musket jest in time, an' the blow fell here where yi see this nick. You

can jedge what that would a done fer the Colonel."

"Where was the Colonel wounded, did you say?" I asked.

"Left side. Right through the linin.'"

"Did he get well?"

"Not so's to be in any more engagements. When we was encamped at Arlington Heights after the war, he come out to see us once. He was jest able to be gittin' around ag'in."

"Mr. Hawkins says he was in the Battle of the Wilderness, too. Did you know him?"

"No. Never seen Joe till I come to Humboldt. Come to git talkin' about the war, though, we found we'd be'n in quite a few battles together."

"Mr. Hawkins didn't bring his musket home with him?"

"Prob'ly not. Lots of the boys didn't. They was so blamed sick of them ol' heavy guns an' them blue clo'es, they throwed the hull kit away quick's they could, an' felt so they never wanted to set eyes on um ag'in. Some way it was dif'er'nt with me, though, an' I bought the ol' gun from the gov'ment an' brought her hum. An' now lots of the boys would like to git their ol' muskets back ag'in if they could."

"Would you go to war again, if one should break out now?"

"I dunno but I would. War ain't no picnic, but I'd hate to have people p'int their finger at me now an' say, 'That feller wan't no soldier. That feller stayed to hum when Lincoln called fer volunteers.' I'd rather have um laf at my limpy leg—as I have heered um afore now.—What's that?"

The swift rattle of a horse's shod hoofs striking upon the frozen street assailed our ears. This was common enough in Humboldt, yet there was something ominous in the sound tonight. We hurried out of the cabin, and heard the

sonorous voice of Ed Weeks proclaiming as he dashed through the village:

"The Injuns are comin'! There's hundreds of um not twenty miles off! Sheriff says for half a dozen of yi to git onto horses an' go warn the farmers both sides of town! I'm sent to Cross Forks! Injuns are killin' everbody an' burnin' the houses! Yi're all directed to fly fer Minnesota!"

Before the last words were uttered, the rider was far beyond the utmost limits of the town, and plunging on eastward. Already the farmers from the west came swarming into town. Violent preparations were being made for flight, and the wildest consternation prevailed. Suddenly Old Young appeared from the direction of his cabin, mounted upon an old gray mare, and flourishing his ancient musket. He drew up in front of the assembled throng and began shouting in quick, hot sentences:

"Hi! Look here! You men of Humboldt! They say the Injuns is comin'! Well, don't fly afore um like cravened cowards! Git yer guns! Fight, men of Humboldt! If yi run, they'll kill yer cattle an' burn up yer houses an' property. Make a stand an' defend yer homes like free men! Be patriotic! Be Americans! Be Americans, men of Humboldt! Git yer guns an' foller ol' Steve Young! I'll lead yi to victory!"

Old Young arranged us on the brow of a little hill to the west of the village, where we lay in the frosty grass, beneath the cold stars.

"Don't call this hardship, men," the old soldier shouted. "Think of us ol' fellers layin' in front of Fort Donaldson two three days 'thout no overcoats ner fires, on the frozen ground. But we done it. Michael McGinnis, you're a brave man as men goes now-days, an' I hereby appoint you lieutenant of this here comp'ny—I'm the captain myself. We ain't go'n' to hev no second loofenant. Mr. Peterson, you air hereby appointed

first sergeant. Ole Mogard, you're corporal. We ain't got enough men fer a full complement of ofcers. Mr. Editor—editors are the poorest soldiers they is—you can act as quartermaster an' special correspondent. Now men, do yer dooty!"

A moment later a dark, trailing portent arose in the west, far toward the horizon. It approached swiftly, extending a long, lean arm first on this side, then on that side, expanding and contracting. Anon the dull thunder of many hoofs arose, and the black body became a mass of riding figures. Signs of demoralization became apparent in our ranks as the threatening force bore down upon us.

"Stiddy, men! Stiddy, there!" called out Old Young, as he walked his horse up and down the line. "Don't fire till yi're commanded. Now! Git all ready to fire by comp'ny. Ready! Aim! Fire!"

A prolonged volley of heterogeneous musketry followed this command. Several Indians fell from their horses, several horses stumbled and fell, a few scattered shots were fired, an "all the misbelieving and black horde" drew off and circled away.

"We took um by surprise, men, that's all," said Old Young. "They'll be at us ag'in in a minute, an' this time they'll

mean business. Git ludded. We ain't had no war *yi*. Ain't none of yi hurt, is they? Doos my ol' nose good to smell skirmish powder once more. Look! What's that?"

Far to the north a long, black line appeared, swiftly approaching. On a hill a mile west of us the Indians were preparing for another attack. From the north the solid mass came thundering on. "Don't git scart, men," said Old Young. "Them fellers to the north there don't ride like redskins. It takes more'n thirty years to blot the sound of Phil Sheridan's cavalry out of my ol' head, an' I'll resk my reputation them's United States troopers. Yes, sir. One, two, three—Three troops of United States cavalry! Hooray! Boys, the day is ours!"

The Indians had again reached the foot of the hill upon which we lay, when they were struck by the veteran troopers of the Western plains. They broke and fled. Old Young held up a bleeding arm.

The next issue of the Humboldt Mail contained an editorial urging that, as Andrew Jackson had long been known as the savior of New Orleans, so Stephen Young should henceforth be held in grateful remembrance as the savior of Humboldt.

REVILLO, S. D.

OLD PASTURES

WHERE sun and storm keep holiday
And the wild rabbit makes his lair,
I have a mind to fare away,
And with the gentle dwellers share
The charm of places old and gray,
Where sun and storm keep holiday.

We know the olden bounds full well,—
Rough walls that keep the pasture-way,
Bleak hill side ledge and wooded fell,
Low fen land sweeping where it may.
From hill top path to bosky dell
We know the olden bounds full well.

Some sunny afternoon let's go
Whither our hearts have called us long.
Let 's leap the bonds that guard us so,—
Outrun the importuning throng,
And, where the sweet wild blossoms blow,
Some sunny afternoon let's go.

Frank Walcott Hutt



SILHOUETTES IN FICTION



AT THE "LECKCHAW" OF JUBILEE JONES

FOR weeks Sam had been coaxing me to go with him to Pelican Bend to hear that great colored preacher, the Rev. Jubilee Green. But now he became almost pathetically insistent.

"I'll take you in my canoe," he said earnestly. "You see, sah, Broder Green am gwine to gib a cou'se ob leckchaws foh de benefit ob de chu'ch, an' dey'll be mighty fine. Why, sah, he's de mos' pow'ful preacheh eveh was. He's inspired. He can pick you up an' swing you back an' forf from damnation to hallelujah in two seconds. He'll jes' set you to rainin' tears, an' den firs' t'ing you know you'll feel a thousand icy fishworms wrigglin' froo yo' spiritual veins. You can't affo'd to miss dat pleasuah, sah. I does wish you'd go."

Thus importuned, I promised to go at least once, and Sam was happy.

The village of Pelican Bend lies in the obtuse angle of Loon Bayou. As in all the villages in The Swashens, that lagoon-veined Venice of the South, the business and better residence districts lie nearest the primitive wharf, for the sleepy, meandering waters are the highways of travel and of trade. Further back, toward the somber swamps, the colored people had their little homes, and there their weather-beaten church leaned restfully against a giant magnolia that offered its stalwart trunk as a pillar

and support against the decrepitude of age. The building, originally used for a barn, having been abandoned by its owner during the war, was afterward acquired by the colored people for a house of worship.

When, after a delightfully lazy five mile ride in Sam's canoe, we reached Pelican Bend, we found the wharf lined with a curious assortment of skiffs, canoes and dugouts.

"Gwine to be a mighty big congregation," beamed Sam.

Indeed, the church was packed, and eager expectancy was written on every face. Finally a tall man about sixty years of age walked up the aisle and stepped upon the platform. Absolute silence prevailed. He was slender, and unduly straight. His long black coat, polished by service, was not only much too short in the sleeves, but far too small to button around the chest, and his vast white collar seemed designed more for a support to his ears than as an article of dress. His head looked like a great puff of shining white wool, and his ebon face had the rapt expression of one looking down the future for the coming of the Day of Judgment. For a time, he gravely scanned his audience, and then, in measured, sonorous tones, began:

"I'm a-risin' up, an' a-standin' heah as a nadvocate ob culchaw. What am culchaw? It am a swellin' ob de brain, an' a swellin' ob de words to match. A big man rides a big hoss, an' big thoughts

rides big words. Dis am an age ob unlimited progressibility. De resoundin' trumpet ob de oncomin' futuah am a tootin' de battle cry ob larnin', an' a-blowin'—ablowin' de brack clouds of superstitiousness higher dan de keeyite ob de celebrated Gilbut Roy. An' who *was* Gilbut Roy? He had de pussonal liniments ob a man, but de mental intellectibility ob a fool. He wanted to be a bird, so he could fly. So he manufa-ctured a great keeyite; an' lo! what kind ob a bird was he den? He was a bird wid only one wing hitched to a long string, an' widout any tail fadders to guide its flight froo de atmosphere ob de air. Den he hitch hisse'f to de string, an' de win' blow, an' away went de keeyite till de string was stretched as tight as de puckerin' string ob a stingy niggeh's purse when de sarmen is ober, an' broder Minadab passes round' de hat! An' now, my beloved, I will talk to you in figgerative language, an' I hope you's all studied yo' rifnetics well enough to unnerstan': De keeyite ob superstitiousness wasn't strong enough to lif' Gilbut clar ob de groun' an' frow his worfless cyarcas beyond de broad horizon ob disgustified humanity. De string ob ignorance was too strong to break, an' Gilbut didn't know enough to grab de brakes ob culchaw an' stop de wing ob destruction dat his diseducated inventability had let flew. O, my beloved! It would a-renditioned de haht ob a gum tree to see po' Gilbut t'ar froo de brush, an' dive into de mud, an' knock de chimlies off'n de houses an' de steeple off'n de church,—an'—an'—an' now! my beloved, we'll stop right dar! Dat's de way some ob you ign'ant sinners am likely to do wid dis chu'ch! You don't know nuffin' fo' sartin. You hain't got no culchaw; an' you's hitched to de keeyite ob superstitiousness by de string ob ign'ance, an' you's bangin' away at de steeple ob dis church, an' am likely to bring it down in one obnoxious

holycust ob unexpressionable dismemberification!"

Here he stopped suddenly, and, fixing his eyes fiercely on some auditor, toward whom he pointed his long, tremulous finger, shouted:

"You, broder Jericho! You needn't set dar in de cawneh wid yo' brack face a-shinin', an' yo' ign'ant head a-bobbin' up an' down, winkin' at de far sistehs ob dis church, jes' becuse I spoke ob ouah steeple! Mebbe you t'ink we hain't got no steeple. I tell you we has,—not one made wid han's, jes' yet, to be sho', but mighty likely to be if de craps is good, an' dis intelligent congregation is half as culchawed an' progressible as any body dat didn't know 'em as well as I does would t'ink. I fancy in my imagination dat I'm a-standin' on de lofty pizarro ob de home I'd like to build — if dis culchawed congregation would only pay me de salary dey 'greed to! A home dat would be a credit to dis church, an' a monst'ous comfo't to yo' pastoh. An', as I stan' on dat pizarro, I turn my eyes ob faith tow'd dis heah chu'ch, an' see, not dis 'bominable ol' worm-hole roof patched up wid mashed spoutin' an' tin eyester cans, but a lofty polygamy ob perfection one hundred feet high all painted red an' gold an' lookin' airy an' beautiful as a dream wid a big gilt rooster on de pinnacle a-crowin' his hallujahs to de mawnin' stah, an' a-whirlin' roun' an' roun' tellin' dis progressable congregation which way de win' blow.

"Now, dar's dat brack Jericho, grin-nin' ag'in jes' as if we don't want to know how de win' blow! I tell you we does, so's we can trim our spiritual sails accordin'!"

A look of utter disgust overspread his face, and then his wrath broke forth: "I b'leve I'll turn dat brack Jericho out ob dis chu'ch! I started out to gib a leetuah on culchaw, but he's frown his 'bominable grin across de track ob my

eloquence, jes when I was comin to de grandes' perryration dat any body eber heard ob yet. Whar am dat perryration now? But—neber min'! Nex' week I'll repeat dis lectuah—wid what I've said tonight an' Broder Jericho lef' out! An' if dat brack *Jericho*—comes *heah*—any *moah*—wid his 'bominable grin, he'll fin' out which way de win' blow—widout de aid ob no gilt rooster! Broder Minadab, pass de hat."

"Dat Jericho niggah mighty mean niggah, fo' sho'!" said Sam, after rowing in disgusted silence for half an hour on our homeward voyage. But I held my peace. A good while passed before he spoke again, but as we swung under the great trees into a broad expanse of moonlit water, he said persuasively:

"Mighty mean niggah, mighty mean! But nex' week he won't be dar to spile de eloquence, an' Broder Jubilee—he'll jes' bus' de sky wide open. I does wish you'd go ag'in, I does fo' a fac'."

DES MOINES, Iowa.

William W. Fink



TOP-THE-WATTLE

"**N**OW," said my mother, sitting down in front of me and looking me straight in the eye, "I've told you and told you, over and over,—I've said in fifty different ways that you must not cross the barley lot and go to the crib, and you just will, so I am going to read you, out of the morning paper, a dreadful thing that happened not so very far away from here."

Then she read "the dreadful thing" of how a little girl ran off from home into the woods, and when she was crossing the railroad track a man in a slouched hat and a blue cloak went following behind her; and when they came to a lonely place he struck her over the head with a rail and killed her.

"And that," said my mother, "will some day happen to you."

And I said, "O, mother, no! I'm

not going to the crib any more."

And she kissed me and tied on my bonnet and I went out to play. Presently the cool green of the barley lot called me and I slid out of the mimosa and went into the first shade of the dear great oaks.

"So, so, so!" said the wind in the black jacks. "Sweet, sweet, sweet!" in the sharpened leaves of the rubra; and way off down by the crib the white oaks said, "Cool and cooler, cool and cooler, cool!"

And after awhile I found myself under them at the end of the barley lot, where the deep white fennel hid my little pink gingham and me from the windows of my mother's sewing room.

The bars of the crib were down, and in I went and lay in the cradle of the trough, in among the sweet corn shucks, and dreamed of fairy folks and princesses. Then I was hungry, but as I never went to the house for bread and butter so long as there was a berry about in the woods, I got up and slipped under the outer bars and made for the head of the hickory spring. That was the little brook that trickled through the velvety moss from the roots of the scaly-bark nut and widened out between the opposing slopes of the steep, well wooded hills. Here was a feast of cress and curious wild edibles that country children find in fairy places, and after I had eaten my fill I climbed the hill again and stretched my lithe little body out full length under the chest-hickory tree on the thick club moss to rest. The chest-hickory tree had sheltered several generations of little Williamsons, ever since the day when a certain Sarah and Nathan had cut a young hickory sapling through the outer bark and forced a young chest-nut into the cut. Since that day the two trees, both dwarfed and distorted, stretched far and wide their quaint, crooked and crossed branches and made a lovely shade.

Well, that day I lay full length under the chest-hickory tree and went off into the days when I should be golden rich and glorious. Curiously enough, I began after awhile to think of the morning paper and the man in the long blue cloak. He seemed to have followed me down here into this lonely wood. He wore a slouched hat, gray and wide, and a full cape, blue gray like the morning sky. I thought he was behind me at the bars, sitting on a cedar log up there and looking down at me. And finally, though I was awfully afraid, I made up my mind to look him straight in the eye, as my mother had looked at me.

So I rolled over on my two elbows and I set my chin in my palms and put on the pertest face I could muster and I turned my eyes toward the cedar log and there he was, sure enough, with his eyes set full on me and a big, big stick lying still across his knees. His cloak was not so fresh a blue as I could have wished, and neither was his old gray hat becoming. After I'd looked at him as hard as he was looking at me, I said (you know the tone):

"What's your name, Mister?" And he replied: "Top-the-Wattle, and what's your name, little girl?" And I said:

"Mine's Pop-the-Weasle." (Though of course you know, I knew that wasn't my name any more than Top-the-Wattle was his). And he said:

"Well, Pop-the-Weasle, what are you doing in the woods?" And I said:

"Just what you are doing, Top-the-Wattle."

"No, not quite," said he. "I'm the man in the moon, and I've come down to carry you off for my wife."

Now that wasn't so bad as it might have been, and when I looked at him straight, it didn't seem as if he intended to knock me over the head with his stick. But as I didn't know what to say, I didn't say anything, and I kept my chin in my palms.

After awhile he said again:

"Well, will you go with me to the moon? Or don't you think me a handsome man?" And I said:

"Oh, I suppose you'll do. But you'll have to ask my mother about the moon."

"Your mother?" said he; "why, you didn't ask her about coming into the woods, I'm sure. And it's just as lucky as anything I know that you met nobody else but Top-the-Wattle here."

"I rather expected you," I said. (Of course that was stretching the facts, you know, but I had to keep up the conversation to take his mind off knocking me in the head with the stick).

"You expected me?" he exclaimed. "And did you see me coming down from the moon last night?"

"No," said I, "my mother read about you in the morning paper—how you met a little girl like me in the woods and followed her along the railroad track until you came to a lonely spot like this, and then struck her over the head with a rail and killed her dead."

"What in thunder do you mean?" he yelled at me, and I never in my life saw a man so mad as he. (But that, you know, only made me sure that I was in the right.)

"And now," said I, in the firm tone my mother used to use with me, for I was determined not to lose my ground, "I am going to give you up to justice. You will walk before me around this rail fence to the grove at the front of the house. There I shall call my grandfather out, and tell him I have found the murderer of the poor little girl, and we'll put you in the jail and, maybe, then we'll hang you afterwards."

"Upon my word," said he, "Pop-the-Weasle, you're an awfully nice little girl, and I would dislike to disappoint you in the hanging you have planned for me; so, if you'll kindly lead the way, I'll follow you to the house."

"No, indeed," said I, in the same firm

tone, though I was struck with his amiable view of the hanging. "You'll go in front of me, sir, for I don't intend to be killed with that stick."

Then I rose up my full height, as the young ladies do in the novels, and I waved him to take his place in front of me, and I said:

"Keep close to this fence, Top-the-Wattle, and don't get out of my sight."

"Yes, mum," he answered with great respect, took up his place, and we marched all around the fence. It was half a mile about, and Top-the-Wattle made it without saying a word.

After awhile we came to the lane and walked up in front of the house. Grandfather was sitting on the porch in the shade.

"Grandfather!" I called. "I've arrested the man who killed the poor little girl in the woods, and I've brought him home for you to hang."

"What?" said my grandfather, getting out his glasses, wiping them, and setting them on his long nose. "What? What?

What?" With that he came forward and looked at Top-the-Wattle.

"Young Mr. Gordon," he said. "Good morning, sir. When did you get back from school?"

And Top-the-Wattle winked at me.

"Last night, sir," he answered my grandfather, "and I am glad to find you looking as fine and hale, sir, as when I left."

"No flattering, sir," smiled my grandfather. "And so you've found Sarah for her mother and brought the runaway home?"

"No," answered Top-the-Wattle, gallantly enough, "I've come to offer my hand and heart to Miss Sarah Williamson, and ask her mother to name the day."

I must say I blushed at that, but I held my tongue, while my grandfather laughed and laughed again.

"Well," said he at last, "It'll be some ten years hence, I reckon. Come in, Mr. Gordon, come in and see her mother about it."

Eva Hampton Prather

ATLANTA, Ga.

IDLESSE

HERE at the lake
My ease I take

When all the hills are hazy;
I like to be
Where I can see
So much that looks so lazy.

Beneath this pine
Few thoughts are mine
Of life—its gains or losses
No more to me
Is destiny
Than to these ferns and mosses.

I ask no why
Or wherefore; I
Am full of calm reliance;
I would not look
Through any book
For any bit of science.

Nor do I care
How doctrines fare,
Religious or politic;
What questions great
Vex church or state
And make the world a critic.

Out on the cause
That wants new laws,
New creeds, and such inventions!—
I would not hear
What fills the ear
In senates or conventions.

And so I take,
Here at the lake,
When all the hills are hazy,
My fill of ease,
And, as I please,
My share of being lazy.

Ralph H. Shaw

Studies of Books and Their Makers

A CURIOUSLY MODERN NOTE IN CRITICISM

IN Mark H. Liddell's *An Introduction to the Study of English Poetry* (Doubleday, Page & Co.) we have the temper and the methods of science applied to the study of poetry. The note is curiously modern—it could hardly have been struck even a dozen years earlier. "We take our poetry as we drink the air," complains the author, "or we leave it alone. We do not study it." Yes, and most of us take our food in the same way. The object of poetry, it should never be forgotten, is mental and spiritual nourishment; its dissection and analysis, while admirable discipline for the student, is stale and unprofitable business for most readers. The "inadequacy of our notions of poetry" against which Mr. Liddell inveighs so heavily, is not a matter of first importance after all. The vital question is whether poetry stimulates our minds, moves our hearts, and stirs our wills. We are glad of every effort toward a clearer comprehension of its nature, just as we are in the case of that mysterious power we call electricity. Meantime, we light our houses and streets, and move our trolleys with the unknown agency, and we use poetry for light and heat and motive power in much the same way; nor should any sensible man be impatient with us for doing so. When the author speaks, with ill concealed vexation, of our "ignorant or prejudiced inability to consider our speech and its literature in the light of their development," and of our "sixteenth century prosody that might have been written by Puttenham or Ascham before Shakespeare was born," we do

not question his position, we simply feel that he is making a very great matter out of one relatively unimportant. It is doubtless quite worth while to have an intelligent prosody and equally worth while to study English literature in the light of its origin, but after all nobody but a man of uncompromisingly scientific temper is going to take it with such seriousness. The whole spirit and point of view of this treatise is distinctly academic, and the book is very frequently marred by the provincialism of scholarship.

After admitting, however, that the author's sense of proportion is a little askew and his sense of humor somewhat undeveloped, we have nothing left but praise. Once within the legitimate bounds of his subject, Mr. Liddell is a master of clear, scholarly exposition, with a good deal to say that is original. His definition of poetry, while by no means milk for babes, is very comprehensive, and contrasts refreshingly with such dilettante affirmations that "poetry is a thing of God," is "the inner thought of things," or "the expression of the inner emotions of the soul." Here is the author's definition: "Poetry is literature, usually of a high degree of human interest, which, in addition to its human interest has in it an added aesthetic interest due to the arrangement of some easily recognizable and constantly present concomitant of thought formulation into a form of aesthetic appeal for which an appreciative aesthetic sentiment has been gradually developed in the minds of those who habitually think by means of the language in which the poetry is written." If we prefer, we may memorize the brief formula for

poetry which is so thoroughly elaborated in more than one ingenious and closely reasoned chapter: X plus HIⁿ plus VF. It is odd to find the elements of poetry expressed in the symbols of algebra, but this phenomenon is commonly met with in Mr. Liddell's book. The foregoing hieroglyphics mean that poetry is made up of a constant intellectual element (X), plus human interest present in unusual degree (HIⁿ), plus VF, or verse form. If literature may be differentiated from science as being that kind of writing which appeals to the feelings, then poetry is that form of literature which is expressed in metrical form. After all, every definition of poetry, however elaborate, must reduce to this. And this in plain words is the author's conception of the nature of poetry. His unique contribution to the discussion is in his analysis of the metrical form, and for a fuller understanding of his views upon this subject, the reader must be directed to the book itself.

The whole purpose of this sincere and pains taking treatise is that of reaching a scientific basis for the study of English poetry and of "treating poetic phenomena as being definitely knowable in terms of scientific truth." The closing paragraph may well be quoted as indicating clearly the spirit of the book: "The conclusion of the whole matter points but in one direction, the necessity of considering literature as material of science and not as a subject for pleasant talk. It means a corps of teachers specially trained for their work by years of faithful study, a body of men inspired by an intelligent love of the thought of their race and a strong pride in their native culture, bound together by that unselfish enthusiasm which has done so

much for physical science and working all of them to the one end—that of reducing a mass of disorganized and unfounded opinion to the organic unity of an intelligible science."

Frederic L. Knowles

A KENTUCKY LOVE STORY

Mr. Edwin Carlile Litsey of Lebanon, Kentucky, and an occasional contributor to the *National*, has written one of the gentlest, purest, and most charming of all recent romances—*The Love Story of Abner Stone*. Abner Stone tells the story in the first person, recalling, in his old age, the sacred memories of his one great passion. Every page mirrors the beauty and retains the fragrance of nature. The spirit of the narrative is exalted, the style winningly simple. The *National* congratulates Mr. Litsey upon the genuinely fine quality of this his first novel. Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., the publishers, have given the *Love Story* an artistic dress, and, all in all, it is one of the most desirable books of the year.

F. P.

A DREAM OF EDUCATION

Education and the Larger Life, by C. Hanford Henderson (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$1.30 net.) Mr. Henderson is a dreamer and this book is a beautiful dream. If the United States were heaven, and all its youths angels with a bent for knowledge, then Mr. Henderson's educational plan would be ideal. But it does one good to dream awhile with him, and to think what we all might be. It is a lofty, stimulating but wholly impractical hope, this of *Education and the Larger Life*.

D. L. S.



PROGRESSIVE AMERICAN CITIES

THE CITY AND PORT OF GALVESTON

By J. H. JOHNSTON,

Secretary of the Galveston Chamber of Commerce

LONG before the immortal heroes of the Alamo, Goliad and San Jacinto had carved the boundaries of the Lone Star State, an empire in itself, the island upon which the present city of Galveston stands was well known to most people in

"OLEANDER BLOSSOMS"—THE BLOOM THAT GIVES ITS NAME TO THE "OLEANDER CITY"
Copyrighted photograph by J. M. Maurer



the United States and to many residents of foreign countries. The question naturally arises—Why was this so? The answer is simple enough. Because this was a natural port and easily the most accessible on the entire Gulf of Mexico, hence it had become at an early date the rendezvous of the pirate LaFitte and his associates, possibly less historic, but no less acute when the consideration was a good thing to be secured at little cost. Galveston Island had then as it has today the most delightful climate to be found anywhere in the broad Southland.

After LaFitte and his followers had either reformed or departed for less desirable quarters, in this world or the next, Galveston Island was settled by an energetic and enterprising class of people who promptly set about building a town, which for a long time to come was to be the commercial center as well

as the chief port of the great southwest. Difficulties in plenty there were to contend with on account of the undeveloped state of the country and lack of facilities, but the people had in them the stuff of which heroes are made and which they

POST OFFICE AND UNITED STATES CUSTOM HOUSE

Photograph by J. M. Maurer



MONUMENT TO TEXAS HEROES: SEVENTY FEET HIGH. COST, \$80,000 Photograph by J. M. Maurer



transmitted to their offspring to be later displayed when the eyes of the entire world were centered on this storm stricken community. Such were the people who built the "Oleander City," as it is commonly called, and who by their own efforts and with final assistance of the federal government established the harbor and port of which the following was written prior to September, 1900:

"Galveston harbor is one of the most impressively beautiful in the world. Stretching for miles in a great semi-circle, the ship channel sweeps by the greatest system of docks in the South and out to sea through the most magnificent system of jetties in the world. Here may be seen elevators, towering high above the tallest masts in the harbor, where grain and coal are handled by the millions of bushels and hundreds of thousands of tons; the endless ware houses where the crops of many states might be stored; also every adjunct of a modern, busy, deep water port, from a gas buoy to a big ship on a marine railway.

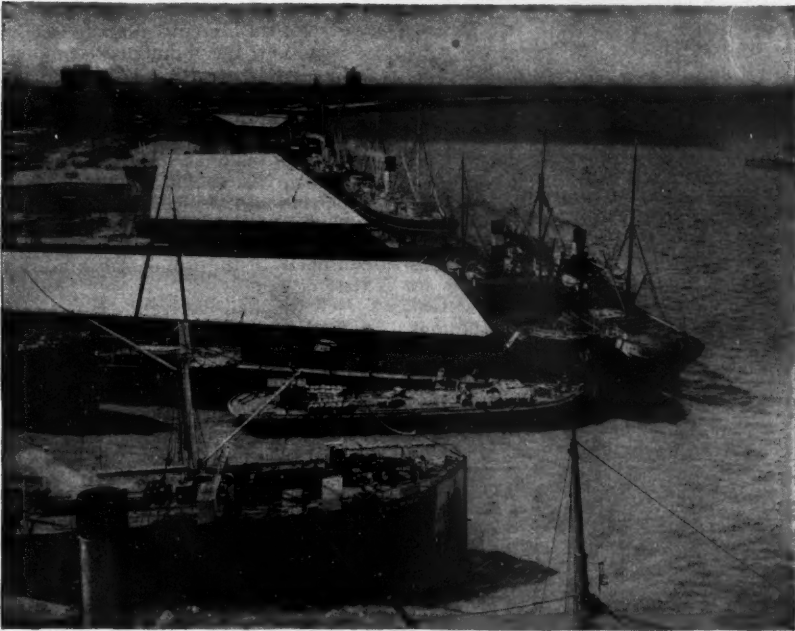
"Galveston naturally commands the commerce of Texas, but in addition to it is the gateway to the sea for that wide expanse of trans-Mississippi country that is termed the supply house of the world. Kansas is the central state of the United States, and Galveston is the nearest port to that center.

"Before the federal government instituted the great work of developing a

"It has been stated, by an eminent authority, that the government never made a better investment than in deepening the water of Galveston harbor. It is said that in the lessening of the transportation charge on one crop of Kansas grain alone the jetties have paid for themselves.

"However that may be, the making of a deep water port at Galveston has

SECTION OF GALVESTON HARBOR, LOOKING EAST FROM PIER 14 Photograph by H. H. Morris



deep water harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, the products of the trans-Mississippi country were subject to the control of the ports of the Atlantic seaboard. To relieve the producers of the West from the excessive cost of long overland hauls and to give them the benefit of proximity to the sea, the federal government determined to develop upon the Gulf of Mexico, at the most favorable location, a deep water port of the first class. Galveston was selected as the most available, by reason of geographical and natural advantages, and it was here that the government expended \$8,000,000 on a jetty system that is one of the marvels of marine engineering.

wrought a revolution in the transportation of the world. The tide of commerce in the West has turned gulfward, and in the four years that Galveston has been accorded recognition a mighty change has been taking place.

"In 1898 Galveston became the first cotton shipping port of the world. In that year this port handled 2,300,000 bales of cotton. This year Galveston will rank third in the list of grain ports. Five years ago Galveston handled no export grain, but so marvelous has been the growth of this business that it is a reasonable expectation that within ten years Galveston will not only be the first cotton shipping port but the first grain

port of the world. Galveston is essentially a commercial city. It always will be. Its life is the life of ships and rails. One-eighth of the corporate space—all that fronting on the bay shore—is a maze of tracks, docks and ware houses. Another eighth is given over to stores and offices, while the remaining three-fourths make up the residential section of the city.

"In addition to its magnificent harbor and splendid wharf system, Galveston can boast of excellent railroad facilities. The Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe; the Galveston, Houston, & Henderson; the Galveston, Houston & Northern and the Gulf & Interstate railroads find entrance here. The Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe is the southern leg of the great Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system that spreads out from Chicago to the Pacific; the Galveston, Houston & Henderson is the terminal line for the International & Great Northern and Missouri, Kansas & Texas lines, and the Galveston, Houston & Northern is the terminal line for the Southern Pacific system. The Gulf & Interstate is a short line to Beaumont, tapping the great lumber belt of East Texas and West Louisiana. These four

lines make the handle or stem from which the railroads of Texas spread out in fan-like form.

"There is no city in the South with so many beautiful homes in proportion to the population, or so many evidences of the benefactions of its wealthy citizens. Chief among the public benefactors were Henry Rosenberg, John Sealy and George Ball. Mr. Rosenberg left to the people such noble ornaments of his life as the Rosenberg School, the Orphans' Home, the Letitia Rosenberg Home for Women, the Young Men's Christian Association, the monument commemorating the valorous deeds of the men who fought in the war for Texas' independence, sixteen drinking fountains for man and beast, built at convenient places throughout the city, and the \$500,000 Rosenberg library. These benefactions represent about \$1,000,000.

"John Sealy donated the hospital that bears his name, the largest and best equipped institution of the kind in the State of Texas.

"George Ball gave to the city the High School in which so many of the youth of Galveston have completed their education and which is today the crown to the

magnificent school system of the city.

"It is not remarkable that Galveston should be so favored. The city is, per capita, the third richest community in the United States and the money center of the Southwest. The nine banks of Galveston supply or diffuse a great portion of the money that moves the crops of the Southwest, and they have available assets of approximately \$15,000,000."

Galveston After the Storm

It is far from my inclination, even had I the space, to dwell upon the har-

SECTION OF SOUTH JETTY, GALVESTON

Photograph by H. H. Morris



rowing scenes resulting from one of the most appalling catastrophes of modern times, which overtook Galveston on September 13, 1900.

Suffice it to say, that from a city absolutely ruined as many outsiders condently asserted, with 4,131 homes entirely demolished or washed away and every other dwelling, store, office and factory very considerably damaged, with an actual financial loss of not less than \$18,000,000, and, worse a thousand times than any commercial loss, the destruction of approximately 6,000 human beings, we have today one of the most beautiful cities in the South with a population, steadily growing, of not less than 35,000 energetic and enthusiastic people. It is idle to deny the fact that we lost some good citizens after the great storm, on account of the ruin wrought to their business; but it is gratifying to note how promptly and joyfully they have returned as soon as the business interests of the city, upon which they depended, were rehabilitated. The complete restoration and the resources of Galveston of today may be briefly summarized as follows:

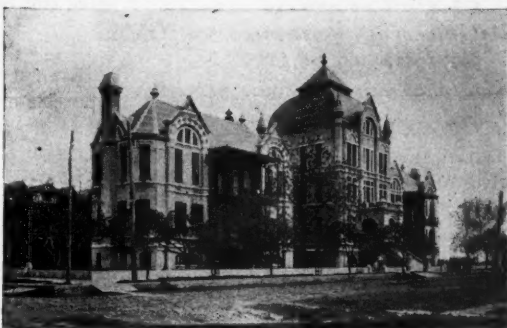
Galveston Now

Seaport of Texas and the Southwest, located on the eastern end of Galveston Island and county seat of Galveston County. Alternates with New Orleans as the first cotton port of the world; first cotton seed products port and, in totals of all commodities, the third largest exporting point in the United States. Has thirty-eight lines of steamers to foreign countries, carrying both passengers and freight, and reaching all European ports from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, Cuba, Mexico, South America, China and Japan. Regular steamship service is maintained throughout the entire year with Liverpool, London, Belfast, Bremen, Antwerp, Havre, Cuban and

Mexican ports, with sailings varying from weekly to monthly according to the

SEALY HOSPITAL

Photograph by H. H. Morris



trade. Has four coastwise steamship lines, viz: two to New York, one to Port Arthur and one to Brownsville, beside the numerous tank steamers, schooners and barges engaged in the oil, lumber and merchandise traffic to smaller points in the immediate vicinity of Galveston. Has an average of twenty-seven feet of water in the channel maintained by rock jetties twelve miles in length. Has six miles of completed wharfage all covered with sheds and reached by tracks constructed of seventy-pound steel rail and containing about fifty miles of terminal trackage. The wharf front is being constantly extended, for which there is lineal space in Galveston Bay of about forty miles, owned by the state, city, corporations and individuals. Has four export grain elevators with a total storage capacity of 3,750,000 bushels, and one cleaning and conditioning elevator. Galveston is only one hour from the deep sea for a laden steamer. The following comparisons indicate the progress of the port very clearly:

Cotton exports—1900, 1,535,202 bales, valued at \$73,333,364; 1901, 1,961,389 bales, valued at \$85,857,145.

Wheat exports—1900, 14,180,345 bushels, valued at \$8,999,491; 1901, 15,704,405 bushels, valued at \$11,476,205.

Cotton seed, cake and meal exports—1900, 234,814 tons, valued at \$4,795,481; 1901, 256,405 tons, valued at \$5,568,449.

Cotton seed oil exports—1900, 5,945,799 gallons, valued at \$1,908,431; 1901, 4,933,371 gallons, valued at \$1,502,307.

Total value of all exports—1900, \$92,512,549; 1901, \$106,526,508.

Total bank clearings—1900, \$323,506,360; 1901, \$378,435,800.

During 1901, \$3,932,500 was spent in Galveston for permanent improvements, which are now on a more solid basis than ever before. The water works, fire department, street lighting and sewerage plants are owned by the city; in addition to which there are two electric light companies and one gas company.

Galveston has the longest and finest electrical street car system of any city near its size in the United States, consisting of thirty-five miles of track, a very modern fuel oil power house and an electric lighting plant. It has thirteen hotels, beside summer resorts open during the bathing season, for which we have twenty-eight miles of the finest beach in the world.

An important part of Galveston's trade is wholesale, of which there are a large number of establishments carrying all lines, such as dry goods, notions, groceries, wines, liquors, clothing, haberdashery, produce, feed stuffs, hardware,

crockery, farm machinery, cement, drugs, fruits and many specialties. It is the largest distributing market for bagging and ties in the United States.

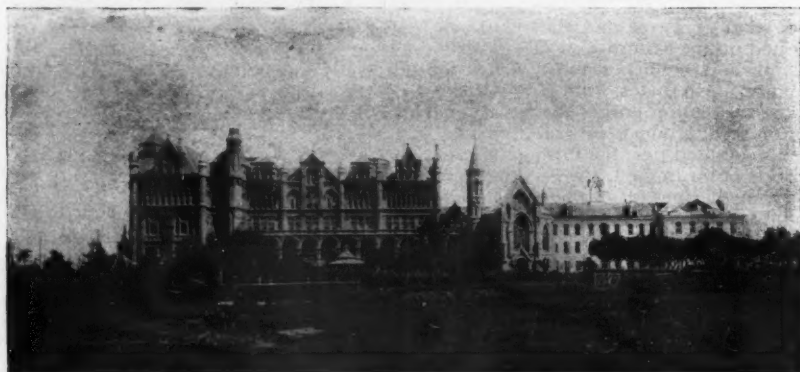
Galveston of the Future

Even at this early date we beginning to appreciate the fact that the great storm of September 8, 1900, was but a blessing in disguise, so far as the business interests of the town are concerned; and in the years to come the citizens of Galveston will look back on their great flood as do the people of London and Chicago on their fires, which really mark the first true beginnings of these great municipalities. Prior to that storm there were some dissenters to almost every movement proposed for the welfare of our city. The kinship established by adversity and the need of united action has practically made of our citizens one vast brotherhood. As an illustration, we may cite the following incident:

An election of the tax paying voters, of whom there were 3,219, was held on March 20, 1902, for the purpose of authorizing the issuance of bonds to the amount of \$1,500,000 for the construction of a sea wall which will absolutely prevent the possibility of a recurrence of the disaster. The result of the poll was 3,118 votes in the affirmative, twenty-two

URSULINE ACADEMY, GALVESTON

Photograph by H. H. Morris



in the negative and three blanks. This was remarkable; but still more so was the fact that the people of Galveston

completed its connection with the Gulf at Galveston in about a year's time. With a location as rate basing point

BATHING ON GALVESTON BEACH

Photograph by J. M. Maurer



county actually subscribed for over \$1,000,000 of the sea wall bonds.

A people with such a unanimity of purpose and acting through the following commercial bodies in absolute accord one with another, viz: Cotton Exchange and Board of Trade, Maritime Association, Chamber of Commerce, Business League, Oil and Stock Exchange and Builders' Exchange, are certain to attain great results.

The development of the coast country of Texas, on account of the cheapness of fuel for irrigation purposes and the adaptability of the soil to the growth of fruit, melons, vegetables, sugar and rice, all of which is of the most direct advantage to Galveston, will increase the jobbing business of the town 100 per cent within the next five years.

As indicating Galveston's more recent progress, may be noted the coming of the Southern Pacific fleet of three steamers per week, commencing August 1, 1902. Also, the coming of the great Rock Island System, which will have

and gate way of the grand territory lying west of the Mississippi river, the population and prosperity of which territory is increasing by leaps and bounds; with fuel oil in unlimited quantities only seventy miles distant and with bright prospects of securing the same on Galveston Island proper, thus giving us the cheapest fuel in the world for manufacturing, railroad and steamship purposes; with the early construction of an Isthmian canal assured, thus enabling us to supply the packing house products, flour, rice, etc., tributary to this port, in return for the coffee, sugar, bananas and other products of Central and South American countries; with \$10,000,000, the greater portion of which has already been appropriated, to be expended in the city and harbor within the next five years, and with climate unsurpassed, it is certainly no exaggeration to state that this place is today one of the most flourishing, beautiful and healthful garden spots under the blue vault of heaven. It should be the South's second city before 1925.

LACONIA, THE CITY ON THE LAKES

By CHARLES W. VAUGHAN

THE four words: "City on the Lakes," which the thriving little city of Laconia, New Hampshire, bears upon its municipal seal, sum up in the least possible space the attractions which are offered to tourists and sojourners from the larger cities in this center of the world famous lake region of the Granite State, for no where else in New England and perhaps not on this globe can the seeker for the beautiful in nature find such a combination of charming lake and mountain scenery right at the very gates of a city where all the conveniences of metropolitan life are at hand.

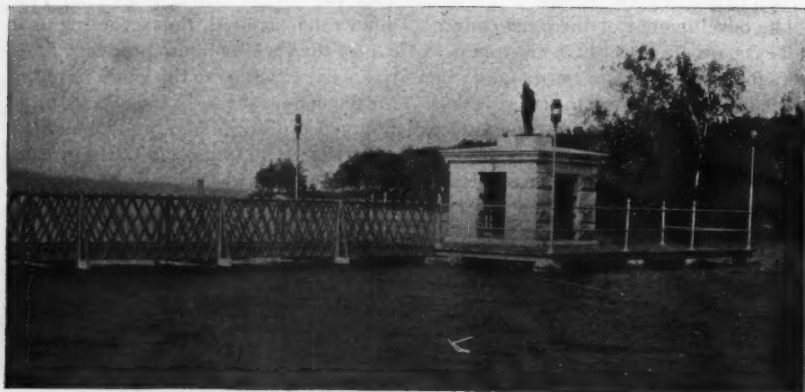
Geographically, Laconia is nearly in the center of the Granite State, at the gate way of the celebrated White Mountainregion, and in the very midst of the largest lakes in New Hampshire. The city is bounded on the north by Lake Winnepesaukee, includes within its limits Lake Paugus and Lake Opeeche, and is bounded on the south by Lake Winnesquam, all of which charming sheets of water are connected by the Winnepesaukee river. The city has a

population of about 9,000, and has been for the past hundred years the trading center of the surrounding farms, villages and towns within a circle of twenty-five miles.

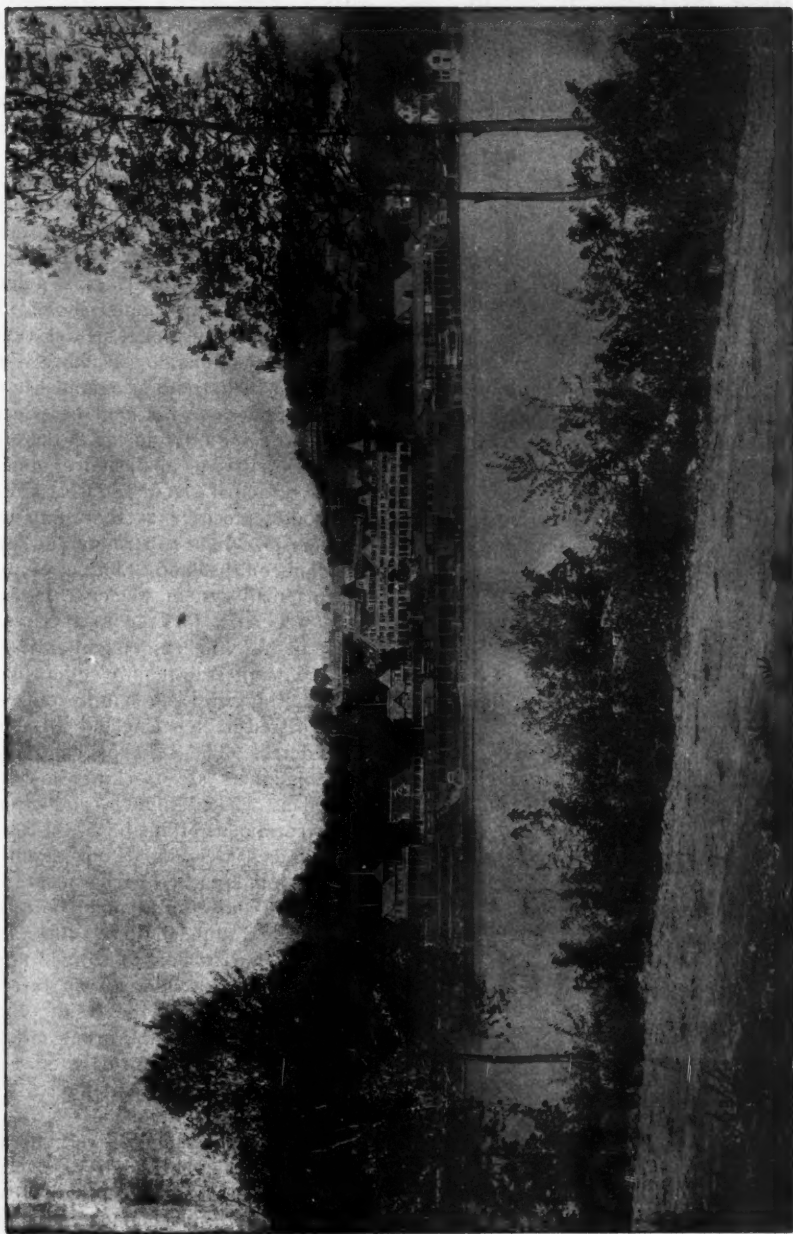
Laconia's hosiery mills, (the first in the United States) its machine shops and its car building industry, have given the city a reputation in all the markets of this country, and these industries have built up a city which, although perhaps intended by nature for a summer resort, possesses all the modern facilities for doing business and enjoying metropolitan life.

As this article is intended more especially to call attention to the attractions which Laconia offers to tourists and to city people seeking a location for summer homes, we will only mention Laconia's water system, supplied from the pure waters of Lake Winnepesaukee; its modern sanitary sewerage system, constructed at a cost of \$120,000; its well equipped fire department; excellent public schools; well kept streets and miles of concrete sidewalks; its efficient

ENDICOTT ROCK, LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE



THE WEIRS, LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE



police department; its electric street railway, running from the southerly end of the city near Lake Winnesquam to The Weirs on Lake Winnepesaukee; its \$50,000 public library building, with an endowment of \$100,000 more; its cottage hospital, dozen churches, banking institutions, opera houses, \$50,000 passenger station, up-to-date gas and electric companies, telephone systems, and in fact, almost everything in this line which can be found in any of the larger cities of New England.

Lake Winnepesaukee is about thirty miles long and varies from one to ten miles in width. The lake is almost five hundred feet above the sea level and the water is very clear and pure. Winnepesaukee has an area of seventy-one square miles, exclusive of two hundred and seventy-four islands, ten of which have an area of more than one hundred acres each.

The first white men who ever gazed upon the waters of this lake were sent out by Governor Endicott of the Massachusetts Bay colony in 1638, to determine the northern boundary of their grant. These men were guided up the Merrimack and Winnepesaukee rivers by friendly Indians, and in August, 1638, marked a rock at the mouth of Lake Winnepesaukee with the date and their initials. A few years ago the State of New Hampshire raised the so-called Endicott rock, and erected a memorial structure to preserve it from the elements.

The Indians called the lake "Smile of the Great Spirit," and "Beautiful Water in the High Place," and tourists of modern times who have traveled the length and breadth of America and visited the world famous lakes of Europe frankly admit that no lake in the world excels Winnepesaukee in beauty and magnificence. Scattered along its 182 miles of shore line are such charming little summer cities as The Weirs, Center Harbor, Wolfboro and Alton Bay, with

their summer hotels, boarding houses and private cottages. Nearly all of the islands have from one to a dozen summer homes, many of them representing expenditures of thousands of dollars each. The farms along the shores are rapidly passing into the possession of wealthy people, who erect beautiful residences, and develop what was formerly wild land into veritable gardens.

One advantage which Lake Winnepesaukee has over other lakes, as a desirable location for summer homes for business and professional men, is a rural free delivery of mail by steamboat,—the first water mail route inaugurated in the United States. A fast mail boat leaves Lakeport twice a day during the summer months, delivering mail and express to all the principal islands and wharfs along its route, precisely as the rural mail carriers take mail to farmers and rural residents on the land. The advantages of this mail system, to active business men who wish to keep in touch with their affairs while enjoying country life, are too manifest to require comment.

The fishing in Lake Winnepesaukee is unsurpassed in New England, all things considered. The state fish and game commissioners are stocking its waters with land locked salmon, and already many specimens of these gamy fish have been taken weighing from seven to twelve pounds each. Lake trout are very numerous and afford good sport both summer and winter. It is no uncommon thing for one row boat to bring in fifteen or twenty trout weighing from three to ten pounds each as the result of one day's trolling during the spring months. In the summer, black bass, pickerel, perch and other excellent food fish are taken in immense numbers.

Lake Winnepesaukee is well supplied with steamboats which make regular trips between the larger towns and villages around the lake, furnishing close connections with the excellent train service

between Boston and Laconia. Hundreds of steam yachts, naphtha and gasoline launches ply the waters of the lake, and guides with boats for fishing and pleasure trips may always be obtained. The statements as to the fishing, scenery and general attractions of Winnepesaukee are also true, on a smaller scale, of Lake Winnesquam and other lakes of Laconia. Winnesquam is about twelve miles long and Lake Paugus is five miles long.

As language utterly fails to describe the picturesque beauties of Lake Winnepesaukee, with its miles of blue water dotted all over with the greenest of isles, and in the limited space of a magazine

article it is only possible to briefly hint at this feature of the lake's attractions, perhaps it will be fitting and proper to close with the following quotation from that eminent writer, Edward Everett:

"I have been something of a traveler in our own country—though far less than I could wish—and in Europe have seen all that is most attractive, from the Highlands of Scotland to the Golden Horn of Constantinople, from the summit of Hartz mountains to the fountain of Vaucluse; but my eye has yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which smiles around you as you sail from Weirs Landing to Center Harbor."

NASHUA, THE SECOND CITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

By B. E. WARREN

AMONG the municipalities of New England there is none that has shown a more marked growth in the past decade than has the city of Nashua. Admirably situated at the confluence of the Merrimack and Nashua rivers, this city has all the advantages of vast water power for its manufactories, and, being a center for six lines of railroad, the commercial advantages afforded the business and manufacturing interests of Nashua can hardly be excelled.

The city of Nashua is essentially a manufacturing city. In its many manufacturing establishments something more than 6,000 people find employment. The city has mammoth cotton mills, the largest shoe shop in the world, iron and wood working establishments in profusion. It is nevertheless a most delightful residential city. Large numbers of people employed in Lowell and Boston have homes here. Property owners and others vie with each other as to who can have the finest lawns and the most attractive gardens. The city is laid

out with broad streets and avenues and thousands of dollars are spent each year in keeping them in the best of repair. The only paved streets are those in the immediate business center, the others being laid with macadam, thus furnishing the finest of drives.

The scenic beauty afforded on the various highways leading from the city in all directions provokes the admiration of all visitors. One of the most beautiful of all the drives is through the magnificent park system constructed by the Pemnickuck Water Works company, which supplies the city with water.

It will only be a few years hence when a fine boulevard will be constructed, beginning in this city at the state line of Massachusetts and continuing to the foot of the White Mountains. This highway will be built by the state and will be a continuation of the Massachusetts state road, making one continuous, superbly built road from the city of Boston and along the beautiful Merrimack valley to the White Mountains.

The city of Nashua offers the rarest opportunities for the investment of capital, especially the establishing of manufacturing industries. The city council often grants exemption of taxes for a period of years on new enterprises, and in this and in other ways, the enterprise of the city is manifest in ever reaching out for things that will have a tendency to increase its wealth and population.

Nashua is the second city in the State of New Hampshire, its population at the last census being 23,898. The property valuation taxable is \$14,367,362. It has the finest of schools, elegant churches, public buildings that are adequate, ample banking houses, a well equipped electric car system, pure water, the

supply of which is never failing, being fed by springs; a fire department remarkable for the efficiency it has displayed, thus affording a low insurance rate; the city is well policed and in every way most progressive. Nashua has been always fortunate in securing the very best men to fill its offices of public trust; the annual appropriations are used to the very best of advantage.

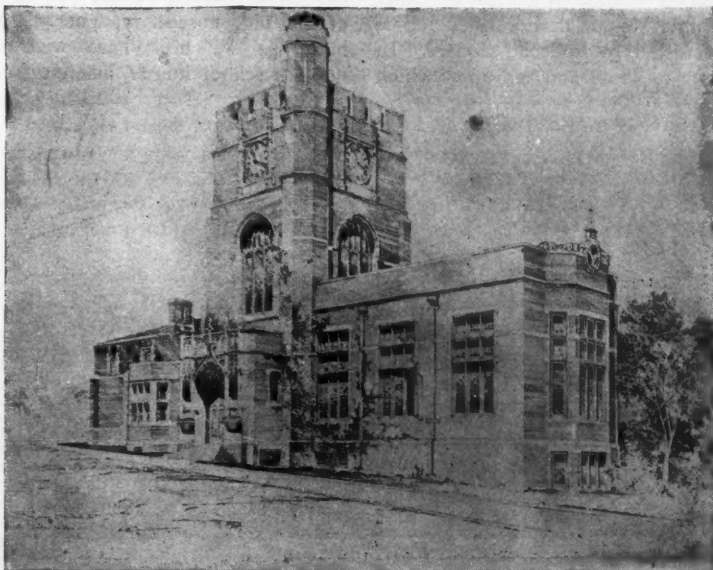
For many years Nashua has been a railroad center. From this city six lines of railroad radiate to all points of the compass. The city is the junction point for two divisions of the Boston & Maine railroad. The Southern, a direct route to Boston and points north, and the Worcester, Nashua & Portland division.

MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH, NASHUA, N. H.



On this latter division direct communication is afforded with Portland, Me., trunk lines leading from Nashua already in operation and four more proposed

HUNT MEMORIAL LIBRARY, NASHUA, N. H.



and other points east in one direction, and to Ayer Junction and then over the Fitchburg division to the western markets, Worcester, southern New England and New York in the other direction. The Keene branch affords communication with the several growing communities in the southern part of New Hampshire and of Vermont, while the Acton & Boston branch opens up another route south. The freight yards at the Nashua Junction are about the busiest places on the Boston & Maine system. These yards extend for more than a mile in either direction, north and south, from the depot. The railroad investment in this city is a large one, the valuation of the properties owned by the Boston & Maine railroad here being in the vicinity of \$7,000,000.

Beside the fine electric railway system that covers the entire city, there are two

lines. An electric line which connects Nashua with the seaboard at Newburyport, Mass., and with Boston, has been in operation for several years and has proved a fine investment. This summer the Hudson, Pelham & Salem line, which connects Nashua with Haverhill, Mass., was completed. Among the contemplated lines is a road from Nashua to Fitchburg, Mass., passing through Pepperell and Townsend; a road to Milford; a line connecting Nashua, Manchester and Concord, the link between the two latter cities having already been made, and a road by what is known as the south-side route from this city through Tyngsborough to Lowell, Mass. Petitions for a charter are now pending before the supreme court of New Hampshire in order that work may be started on some of these proposed electric lines within another year.

Just at the present time there are two important public buildings in course of construction,—one a new county court house, which is located in a commanding position on Temple street, and the other the Hunt Memorial library which is being erected in Railroad Square. In addition to these another upon which

schools and her citizens have been justly proud of the standing which the students have established for themselves. In the matter of school buildings, also, the city has made steady progress, and in place of the old, unsanitary, poorly lighted buildings we now have well built, modern school houses, where the child-

NASHUA MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S MILLS



work will be started within a year is a \$90,000 federal building.

The city is rich in business blocks. Among the more conspicuous of these structures are Odd Fellows and Masonic Temples. The fire stations are among the finest in the state; the police station is a finely built one; the city hall, although built quite a number of years ago, is still in first class condition, in fact, there are few cities the size of Nashua better off in respect of public buildings.

The system of education in this city is first class. Nashua has always had the reputation of maintaining very excellent

ren can breathe fresh air in sunny, well lighted rooms.

The secret societies of Nashua embrace a very large list. Especially strong are the Masons and Odd Fellows, both of which have temples of magnificent proportions. The city is a very strong Masonic center. The only consistory in the state is located in the Valley of Nashua and in this place annually upward of a thousand members of the Scottish Rite attend the annual fast day exercises of Edward A. Raymond consistory.

There are several very flourishing clubs

here, of which the citizens of Nashua are justly proud. Among the more prominent are the Guard club, Nashua Boat club, Les Montagnards club and Nashaway Woman's club. Of these the Boat club has exceedingly fine quarters on the banks of the Nashua river. While the Guards club at present occupies the entire upper stories of the Ayres block, there is foundation for the belief that within another year work will be commenced on the erection of a fine club house in the center of the city.

Every visitor who stops in this city for any length of time is sure to be taken to the government fish hatchery, located about two miles from the city hall, on the North Hollis road. The hatchery came into the possession of the government in 1896, and since that time many thousands of dollars have been expended in erecting new buildings and in beautifying the grounds. The station supplies the New England applications for yearlings, fry or eggs, of several varieties of the most sought after game fishes.

It has been the aim of the writer in this article to set forth the advantages of one of New England's most progressive cities as a great industrial center, and, as well, to refer to some of its attractive features, but in closing it seems fitting that one of the great factors in the city's progress should come in for a little attention—the Nashua Board of Trade. This organization was formed something more than a year ago, that is, it was a practical reorganization of the old board, eliminating certain features that in the past had proven a hindrance rather than a help to the success of the board. At the present time this board has a membership of over 250; its influence is earnestly exerted for the good of the city; its special object has been to assist in bringing new industries to the city and in that particular the board has been eminently successful. The officials of this organization are always willing to do whatever they can toward explaining the conditions as they exist and the advantages to be gained in locating here.

Combine and Counter Combine

Mr. Morgan Certain to Control the Shipping of the Atlantic—The Part That Love of the Flag Plays in the Opposition to His Projects—Canada's Need of a Fast Line and Its Natural Limitations.

By CAPTAIN ARTHUR McGRAY

Former Navigating Officer, S. S. St. Louis

THE writer who expects to have his productions read by modern business men, especially by those "scientists of transportation" whose lives have been devoted to the problem of moving men and things, speedily, comfortably and safely from one corner of this world to another, must be strongly impressed with the magnitude of undertaking to say any-

thing worth while on the subject of trans-Atlantic steamship combinations.

From the moment when Mr. Morgan made his first large marine investment all the great steamship owners paused in dismay. A new star for navigators had appeared in the western sky. But it is written, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," and though long delayed

in shining forth, it nevertheless marked the appearance of the first real "Emperor of the Seas."

Wise men on both sides of the Atlantic shook their heads. Statesmen of the three countries reared themselves from repose. Parliamentarians asked unanswerable questions. Boards of Trade called meetings to "take measures." And why? Because an American gentleman of great business enterprise, experience and sagacity, who had discovered that the greatest good follows the consolidation of many kindred interests under one wise management, had decided to apply this principle in the purchase of desirable steamship property? No; that is not the answer.

No one supposes that if Mr. Morgan had given an order for two ocean steamers to each of the one hundred great ship building concerns in America, England and Germany that the legislative powers of these nations would have been invoked in contravention. Why, then, under existing conditions?

You have seen your country's flag dangling from a crooked pole which reached out from the dilapidated casement of a tenement house and felt proud of it. You have seen it waving from dome and fortress, and your pride swelled. You have seen it at the head of marching columns leaving home for war, and it was the dearest flag that ever flew. But you have never seen your country's flag in all its splendid glory, with all your pride and all your love, until you saw it floating from the tall masthead of a gallant ship. There, indeed, and there alone is it at home, and every added mile you are away from yours when first it heaves in sight adds lustre to its splendor and beauty to its folds. It was not business scruples that confronted Mr. Morgan, but national pride, pride for the FLAG.

Oceanic, Lucania, Deutschland, Kronprinz Wilhelm,—proudest homes of the

flags of two proud empires—and every man, woman and child in both of them know and feel it. It was not giving up the ships to Mr. Morgan but it was giving up the home of the flag—and that they would not do. It hurt, and they would fight to retain it.

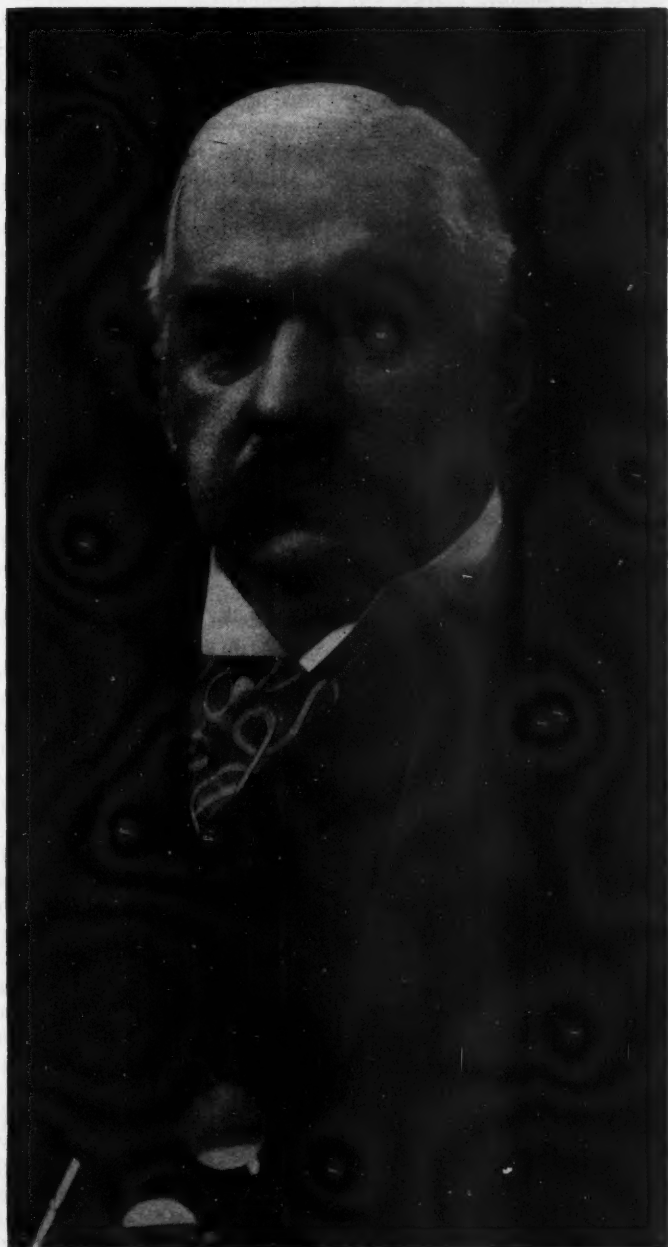
Whether Mr. Morgan ever anticipated placing this vast fleet under the American flag or not, I do not know. He would doubtless prefer to, but such matters are regulated by act of congress, and without special legislation Mr. Morgan would be powerless to gratify such an ambition.

However, Mr. Morgan and his powerful friends will succeed in combining nearly all the great steamship lines on the Atlantic. Failure to do so is impossible. Months before any public announcement of his intentions was made, Mr. Morgan had assured himself of the unqualified support of the leading spirits in the various large steamship companies which he desired to weld into a giant "community of interests." The people of England and Germany are now getting to better understand Mr. Morgan's object, and they realize how impossible it would be to legislate against his project, even if were desirable, without restricting the commercial rights and personal liberty of all.

Now comes the sound of counter combinations. A kind of wail from the "Little Englander." There is little left for him to combine, certainly nothing to disturb the equanimity of Mr. Morgan. The "Canadian Fast Line" project has well served the politicians of that country for nearly a generation. It is a good time (for Canada) to have it revived. The coronation, the conference of colonial premiers, the Imperial Federation League, all tend to call forth fresh pledges of fraternity and mutual regard. The Canadian government will readily vote a subsidy of a million dollars, possibly more. England will do

JOHN PIEREPONT MORGAN, "THE EMPEROR OF THE SEAS"

Mr. Morgan is expected back from Europe very soon, with the announcement that his plans to merge all the principal Atlantic steamship lines under American control has been accomplished.



her share, perhaps another million; but \$2,000,000 per annum will not give Canada a competitive high class service, and nothing less can even remotely effect the syndicated lines.

The late Austin Corbin had an ambition to establish a "free port" at the eastern end of Long Island, and from thence to operate an express line of steamers to Milford Haven, in Wales. Such a line, he argued, would save a half day between London and New York and ocean travelers, instead of landing at the Battery or Hoboken, would enter the city at Thirty-fourth street ferry. Besides this, the Long Island railroad would profit greatly from the increased traffic.

He requested one of the Standard Oil magnates, who was then a director in a large American line of steamers, to send to him some one who could speak with authority on the entire cost of carrying out his plans. Some days afterward a meeting took place between Mr. Corbin and the then commodore captain of an Atlantic liner.

"Now, Captain," said Mr. Corbin, "I have a very large steamship project on hand and if you convince me that my figures are right, I want you to resign your present position and become my general manager at a salary of \$15,000 per annum."

The captain thanked him and said: "Mr. Corbin, I am quite familiar with your plans, as outlined to me by Mr. ———, but it is no new problem; for years I have figured the details in similar matters, and have them at my finger ends. Your Montauk Point terminal will cost you one million, and as much more as you like to spend: You require four ships of a speed of twenty or twenty-one knots, and they will cost not less than one and a half millions each, or six millions in all. During the ten years it will take to get established on a dividend paying basis you will run behind an average of three quarters of a million

per annum, so if you have fifteen millions on which you can afford to forego the interest for ten years, you will, at the expiration of that time, begin to reap large profits, provided, in the meantime, you secure a fair mail subsidy and have no serious accidents with your ships."

Mr. Corbin was astounded. "Why, I figured I could do the whole thing with eight millions, and pay three per cent on the bonds from the end of the first year. Captain, you have thrown away a fat job, but I will send you a nice check tomorrow."

Austin Corbin died; but I am much mistaken if the great air compressors which both keep back the water and supply air to the men now at work in the tunnels under the North and East rivers are not breathing the breath of life into his plans. When this work is completed, the in-coming trains of the great Pennsylvania railroad and connecting systems will dive under ground at the outskirts of Jersey City, and when daylight again greets the eyes of the passenger he will be whirling through Long Island's beautiful gardens, speeding toward Montauk Point. The only stopping place on this submarine and subterranean route is near the Grand Central railway station, but nearly a hundred feet beneath it. Brilliant with electric light, perfect in ventilation, with quick running elevators to transfer one to the surface, this New York terminal for Atlantic voyages is ideal, and will add one more to the "wonders of the world."

By using the harbor at Montauk instead of New York as the western terminal for his twenty-odd ocean grayhounds the saving to Mr. Morgan and his friends will amount to as large a sum per annum as the entire cost of the ships proposed for the Canadian Fast Line, and New York will never feel the loss. Her docks are over crowded now, and the relief afforded by withdrawing the great passenger liners from the port

would result in their berths being filled by steamers of the far eastern lines, which are springing into life to meet the enormous requirements of our expanding commerce.

The Canadian Fast Line should not be discouraged. They need it, and will doubtless establish a nineteen or perhaps a twenty knot service, while Mr. Morgan has several "flyers" with an ocean record of from twenty-one to nearly twenty-four knots for the entire voyage, and with his progressive ideas ships of upwards of twenty-five knots may be expected in his service before the Canadian line can be established. These differences are mentioned merely as showing the absurdity of counter combination talk.

Besides, there is no such thing as competing with a New York terminal, for trans-Atlantic passenger trade, run the ships where you may.

I have said I had no wish to discourage a fast Canadian line, but I do wish to discourage any attempt to run fast passenger ships a single mile farther north than the acknowledged "safety track," followed by all the present fast lines.

Making for the straits of Belle Isle in summer fog at twenty knots, or nearly twenty-three miles per hour,—the man who advocates it is guilty of premeditated murder. The crew's "articles" for such a project is an agreement to wholesale suicide. In the interest of human safety the fast Canadian line must follow the regular track adopted by all the other great lines until its ships are well clear of the "ice belt." After that, in the interest of quick time, their ships must

be headed for the nearest suitable port in Canada—North Sydney or Louisburg, the latter having the preference. Here we have the best of harbors, the cheapest coal supply in the world, almost no port charges, and, above all, the shortest and safest route from England to a port in the Dominion of Canada.

We must doubt the wisdom of a terminal at Halifax or St. John in winter. Fast ships have little room for cargo and only high class goods can afford freightage by express steamers. No doubt the residents of these cities would be proud to have such ships visit their harbors; but the Canadian fast line must study economy.

The Canadian, government which owns nearly all the railways in Nova Scotia, must get ready to handle that class of people who pay \$500 for five days' sail on their ships. The Straits of Canso must be bridged for railway trains. Grades must be cut down, and the entire line of travel straightened. Sixty miles an hour is the only railway connection for express steamship passengers. The one is of no use to the hurrying traveler without the other, and two years is a short time in which to accomplish so much.

As I pause to view a mental picture of what must first be accomplished to insure the success of this undertaking, I am smitten with pity for those who find balm in proclaiming the counter combination a necessary regulating force to that magnificent fleet of three hundred ships, produced by a hundred captains of industry and directed by "The Emperor of the Seas."



THE UNITYPE COMPANY'S FACTORY AT MANCHESTER, CONN.



The Simplex Typesetter

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

IN an article which I wrote recently, concerning the new plant of the National Magazine, I mentioned the Simplex Typesetter as one of the essential appliances necessary to produce so good a magazine for ten cents. Now I am going to take time and space to tell National readers more about this wonderful machine. I care not what your business or profession may be, this information will be interesting to you as further proof of the wonderful age of mechanical inventions in which we are living.

Come back with me in the shop where we can see the busy little machine at work and hear the click, click of its

changing types. My story will not be one of technical phrases to be understood only by printers, but a simple story of the Simplex Typesetter and what it has done for the National.

As we approach, I introduce you to a machine standing erect, with but one leg to do it on. Standing about as high as a tall man's head, it does not impress one with its massiveness, and yet you instinctively feel that you are going to see something new—when it begins its operations. The circular body, or cylinder as it is called, is curiously ribbed with long narrow channels the width of the type, and extending from top to bottom. This cylinder is in two halves—

MR. HERBERT L. BAKER, GENERAL MANAGER UNITYPE CO.



upper and lower—and the top half revolves, making little stops from channel to channel. This part is like a rural free mail delivery: it travels around, dropping in each channel that letter or character for which it is intended, the characters being separated by means of nicks in the body of the type, and when out of the machine the type is seen to be so curiously nicked as to represent miniature Yale-lock keys, or something of that nature.

Thus we have the machine's body divided into two parts—one, the stationary part containing the type separated in upright channels ready for "setting," and the other, a "merry-go-round" taking with it, in short, quick, jolly steps, the channels of mixed type for proper distribution. At each stop one can see where several "get off at" and they sink

into place as if relieved that the whirl around is ended.

But in connection with each of these two parts—one has a suffix and the other an affix—are the really wonderful features of the machine. The suffix I speak of is what is technically known as a "loader"—which feeds the type into the "whirl-i-gig" (the distributor). Small brass trays called galleys are made to take the whole of one column of type on a magazine page. This is put, by the attendant, into a berth made for it near the top of the machine. An automatic device has its sleeves up and is ready to receive it. With the pressing in of a little lever, it carefully thrusts one line at a time into the channels of the revolving cylinder as they become empty. With no human hand to aid it, it handles from one to a hundred or more separate types without a spill at each movement. On the alert and watching for a

chance, it passes by those channels that are not emptied, only to thrust a full



SIMPLEX TYPE-
SETTER, SHOWING
THE AUTOMATIC
LOADER

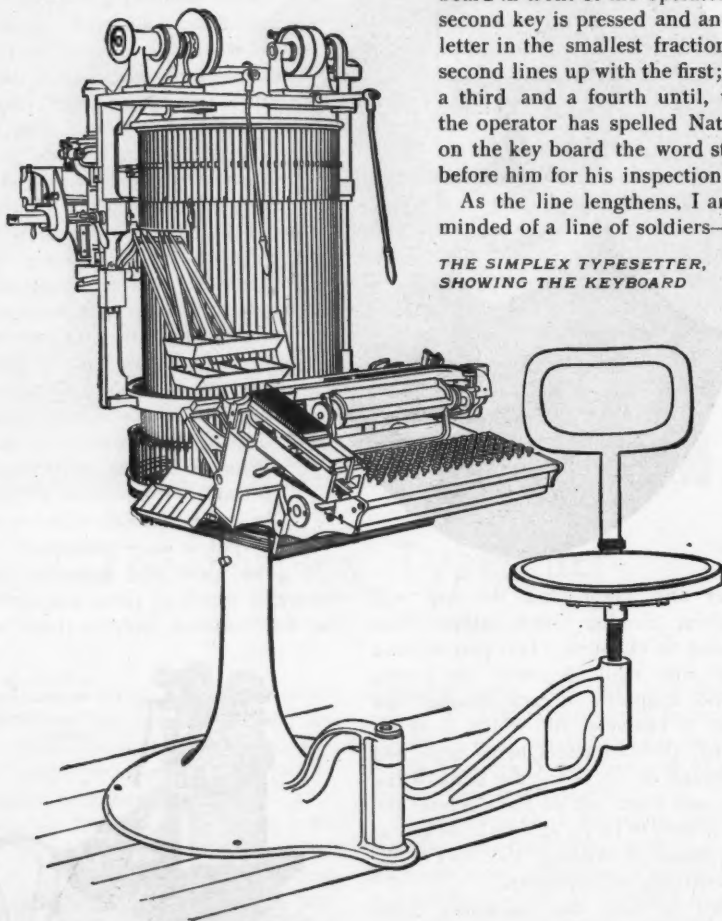
load into place at the first opportunity.

The "affix" is a term I have used to designate the "setting of the type," from the stationary cylinder or reservoir. Here is the most complicated part of the

writer. A key is pressed down, the ejector pushes the desired piece of type onto the disk and, quick as a flash, it shoots around and presents itself in a long channel which crosses the key board in front of the operator. A second key is pressed and another letter in the smallest fraction of a second lines up with the first; then a third and a fourth until, when the operator has spelled National on the key board the word stands before him for his inspection.

As the line lengthens, I am reminded of a line of soldiers—eyes

*THE SIMPLEX TYPESETTER,
SHOWING THE KEYBOARD*



machine and the most wonderful. Underneath the channels of the reservoir is a swiftly revolving carrying disk, and the long channels of type are held above it by a delicate piece of steel. This is called the ejector, and is attached to the key board, which resembles that of a type-

front, heads erect, and ready for duty. And, my dear reader, that's the way this very story—and everything else you read in the National—is put into type for you.

What a lot of failures the perfection of such a machine means! How many were the hardships and headaches the

inventors must have had, and what genius was displayed in its final completion. The inventors of type setting machines have done their share in making it possible to buy high class magazines at very little cost. The Simplex typesetter in the National office does the work of five compositors, and it never asks for a summer vacation.

Many inventions are lost to the public because of the lack of a man properly to exploit them. There is the same amount of genius required in this as in the building of the machine, but it is of a different sort. The great plant of the Unitype Company of Manchester, Connecticut, manufacturers of the Simplex Type-setting Machine, a picture of which is run in connection with this article, is a tribute to the ability of Mr. Herbert L. Baker, general manager. By his excellent management, the company has stepped into great prominence in the manufacturing world, and the orders for Simplex Typesetters are keeping the

factory employes busy night and day.

We have no reason to doubt the statement that several hundreds of these machines are already in operation, though they have been on the market but a short time, comparatively. After a year's experience with it, we would certainly not be without ours for the world, and the reasons and results which appeal to us so forcibly must naturally appeal to other publishers and printers.

In the office of the Unitype Company is an unique exhibit in the way of an United States map, wherein is stamped a red spot at each town or city where Simplex machines are in operation. In the New England, Northern and Central Western states these spots are so thick as to often tread on each other's tracks—naturally enough, as it is in these sections that newspapers are thickest. Every state is represented—and there are even spots on the back of the map where New Zealand would be, if it were represented at all.

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RULES of rhetoric and grammar are apt to be overlooked when I dip deep into a theme, trying to reach the hearts of the readers of the National. That's my whole purpose.

With a deep conviction that every good impulse will bear fruit in some way or other, I hope that the National may always stand for the best and purest in national life. It is no idle sentiment that national destiny is today governed by the women in the homes. On my birthday it seems as if I am closer to her who gave me birth than at any other time, and her sainted memory comes like a benediction in the quiet hours of meditation. All day long I seem to feel her hand upon my brow; her gentle eyes looking deep into my soul; with a smile which reflects the very sunlight of heaven.

Inspired with the memory of mothers at home, can our hearts' ideals falter?

I recall the old sand pile under the maples, where I was playing when she called me. I toddled toward her, and as she clasped me to her breast, I remember the words:

"This is your birthday—my boy—no longer my baby."

I remember the answer:

"Why can't I allus be your baby?"

Ah, little did I understand.

The succeeding birthdays we were alone together. Few words sufficed—mother and I did not talk with mere words. She taught me to love the flowers, the birds, the trees; God's

expressions of love. She taught me to love the old flag for which her brothers had died and which was always brought forth on my birthday. She taught me to be kind—she taught me to try and live well every day, and alas! how far short of that teaching have I fallen.

Those birthdays came when the serious work of life was taken up. The drives in the prairies of the West, with cooing plovers and nodding wild roses—the plains whitening with buffalo bones, masked trails of the departed bison. Here, close to the real vastnesses of primeval nature, I have communed with my sainted mother and drank deep the love that no human relationship can supplant.

In the symphony of bird song and rustling leaves it seemed as if the great mysteries of the infinite came very close to the finite touch. In God's own temple we worshipped, mother and I, and never have I seen a frown on that sweet face. Awaking from the turbulent delirium of fever—over me two tender blue eyes. When I slept again, weak and weary—those kind eyes still watched over me. Tears—yes, let the tears come, for they water the fragrant flowers of memory.

All I am or can ever hope to be, I owe to that mother. And all our nation is today or can ever hope to be, we shall owe to the mothers.

Here's a birthday toast:

"God bless and make us ever remember the mothers,—the living and the sainted mothers."

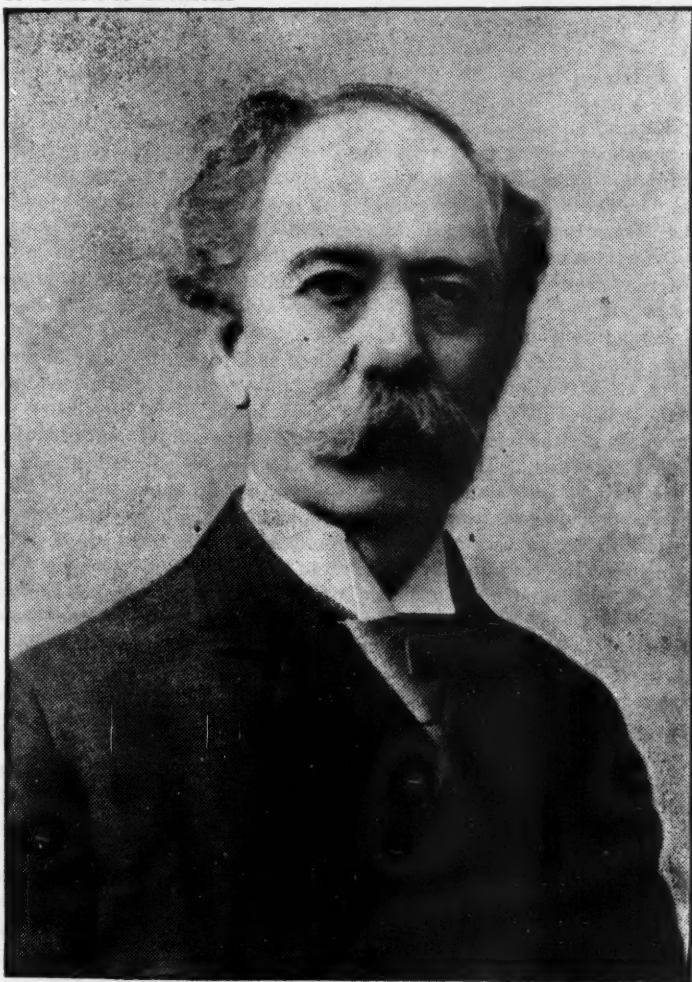
An English clergyman visiting in this country sat near me in the gallery during Senator Spooner's Philippine speech.

"Now there's a realization of what I call statesmanship," said he. "Such an address would electrify the house of parliament with its live force and subtle strength. Our speakers are heavy, prolix, and I may say beefy—but very likely

more solid than those you have in America. Such a speech as that on the South African question in parliament would have helped the government very much. And I cannot see for the life of me how the situation is very much different with you in the Philippines than it was with England in South Africa."

And really, is it?

GENERAL JOHN G. McCULLOUGH, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF VERMONT



ONE of the most interesting and picturesque state campaigns of early autumn is on in Vermont. A September Tuesday following the first Monday is the appointed time when the voting hosts of the Green Mountain state will gather to settle a four cornered gubernatorial contest. There has been an active effort made to so mingle local and national issues as to disintegrate party lines, but both the old line parties have their banners nailed to the mast head; and a Prohibitionist ticket and Percival W. Clement on a personal ticket, furnish variety in the usual election program. Mr. Clement was a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, insisting upon a referendum plank to submit the prohibition question to the people, and if possible, to secure a high license law instead of the prohibition law which has been upon the statute books of the Green Mountain state for some years past.

The referendum plank was adopted by the state Republican convention, but General J. G. McCullough was named to head the ticket—so Mr. Clement heads another ticket and the referendum issue is somewhat obscured. The campaign has been thorough and systematic and in some respects unique. Brass bands and musical shows, circuses and vaudeville have been brought into play in the "campaign of education." Your shrewd Vermont voter takes it all in—enjoys it all—and then—well, he votes as he believes.

Of course ante-election prophecies are always guess work to one not acquainted with the inner facts, but it does not seem likely, at a distance, that the traditional Republican solidity of Vermont is to be shaken. There are few states that are richer in men of deeds, in proportion to population, than this same little Vermont. Six cabinet secretaries within a half century—and one of her sons, Secretary Shaw, now holding the treasury

portfolio—there is a strong grip on national affairs. The state of Dewey, Clark and scores of other prominent men of the day has a just pride in the achievements of her distinguished sons.

Without entering into a discussion of the state campaign, to an outside observer it does not seem possible that, with such a standard bearer as General John G. McCullough as the regular nominee of the regular Republican convention, Vermont is going to take any chances upon having a state election falsely construed from the national point of view; and the old time party loyalty will assert itself.

General McCullough bears aloft the Republican standard and is heartily endorsed by his old friends and neighbors at Bennington—historic, delightful old Bennington.

It was among these hills that General McCullough established his home many years ago. It was here that his family hearthstone was erected, his children born and reared; it is around these hills that the sweetest and tenderest memories of a long and useful life cluster. If one thing impressed me more than another in General McCullough, it was his intense love and appreciation of his Green Mountain farm home, and the affection and admiration in which he is held by old friends and neighbors at Bennington. Despite a career of eminence in the financial world in other states this has always remained his home, and as a leader in his party he has always enjoyed particular respect and esteem in his own state as well as in other states.

His grand dark eyes and white hair give an impression of genial dignity. His quick perceptions and cordial manner have a courtliness about them that reminds one of colonial days, and he would indeed fill with honor and distinction the office for which he has been nominated.



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Hundred Years
PEARS has remained
ahead of a thousand
others

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, Treasurer.

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Consequently the annual net cost of a Mutual policy varies from year to year. **You never know what it is going to be.**—Those conducted on the stock plan of which

THE TRAVELERS

is the best known, and for many reasons the most popular, charge only for Insurance, which, in consequence, is sold at a considerably lower premium, the annual cost in every instance being positively fixed, and all results guaranteed.

You know all about it—no uncertainty—no risk—a splendid illustration of the basic principle of ABSOLUTE SECURITY, on which Life Insurance, of all things, should rest.

THE TRAVELERS also conducts what is by far the largest Accident Insurance business in the world, covering practically every occupation at an expense based on the degree of risk. Disbursed over

A Million Dollars in Accident Claims Paid Last Year

A N A G E N T I N E V E R Y T O W N

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

Read this Carefully—It's Worth While.

A Question of Nourishment

In order to bring home forcibly the difference in relative nutritive value between MALT CREAMLET COCOA and other drinks, black discs are here shown, together with certificate of analysis by a recognized authority.

DURAND WOODMAN, Ph. D.
ANALYTIC AND TECHNICAL CHEMIST.
Laboratory, 80 Beaver St. and 127 Pearl St., (Hanover Square).
Cable Address: "Durwood." Local and Long Distance Telephone.

● Oolong
Tea

● Java
Coffee

● Cereal
Coffee

CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS.

No. 7363. New York, May 10th, 1902.

The samples of Cereal Coffee, Java Coffee, Tea and Malt Creamlet Cocoa, designated as purchased in open market..... have been analyzed with the results below stated:

Quantity of sample 1 lb. each. Received in unbroken packages direct from dealer. Treated with boiling water, as ordinarily prepared for the table.

Cereal Coffee yields 2.0 per cent. actual nutrients

Java Coffee 1.2

Oolong Tea 0.7

Malt Creamlet Cocoa 90.8

To follow out the comparison: 1 lb. Malt Creamlet Cocoa is equal, in actual nourishment, to over 45 lbs. of Cereal Coffee; while it would take over 75 lbs. of Java Coffee, or over 129 lbs. of Oolong Tea to furnish the same amount of nourishment.

U. S. Government Report says: "Infusions of Cereal Coffee contain 1.6 per cent. nutrients. Infusions of pure Coffee and Tea contain practically no nutrients." See Bulletin No. 28, U. S. Dept. Agriculture, page 75.

Respectfully.

Durand Woodman

Malt Creamlet Cocoa

If you want to be nourished by what you drink, use MALT CREAMLET COCOA. Sold by all grocers. 10c. package makes 10 cups. Makes a delicious iced drink.

MALT CREAMLET COMPANY

19 Liberty Street, New York, N. Y.

Readers of the National Magazine who cannot procure Malt Creamlet Cocoa of their grocers can secure full size package by return mail by sending 15 cts. to the Malt Creamlet Co., 19 Liberty St., New York, together with the name of the grocer with whom they regularly trade.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

Pabst beer is always pure

Brewed in a plant as clean as the cleanest home kitchen—always open to your inspection—58,971 visitors last year.

RIPANS

I had been troubled with the sick headache for years until I started taking Ripans Tabules. I have experienced such relief from their use that I would not be without them in my house. I find them good for sickness at the stomach and dizziness in the head.

At druggists.
The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

\$7.50 for 5-SHOT SOUVENIR MAUSER RIFLE

CAPTURED AT SANTIAGO; RELIC ONLY; PARTS MISSING.
\$10.00 for serviceable gun with box eigs. \$12.50 for gun like new with sporting model stock and box eigs. Mausers are the best high-power rifle made. Range 3 miles, penetration through 1/2 inch iron. Send \$3.50; gun sent C.O.D. for balance and expressage; examination allowed. 5,000,000 Cartridges, \$25. per 1,000. Discount for Export Orders. F. BANNERMAN, 579 Broadway, New York.

Women Made Beautiful

by VESTRO. Develops the Best Complexion, fills all hollow places, adds grace, curve and beauty to the neck; softens and clears the skin. Beautiful women everywhere owe their superb figure and matchless loveliness to VESTRO. Harmless, permanent. NEVER FAILS. Every lady should have this unrivalled developer. Adds charm and attraction to plainest women. Full particulars, testimonials, etc., sealed and 2 cent stamp.



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I Can Sell Your Farm

no matter where it is. Send description, state price and learn how. Est. '96. Highest references. Offices in 24 cities. W. M. Ostrander, 1817 N. A. Bldg., Philadelphia

THE "KITCHEN AND HAND" SOAP

The Best Soap Ever Introduced

For Cleansing and Polishing

Tin, Copper, Brass

AND ALL METALS.

For Cleansing and Restoring

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It Has No Equal in the Market.



CHAS. F. BATES & CO.,

PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS,

Office, 123 Oliver St., Boston.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

For removing Tar, Pitch, Cement, Varnish, Paint, Axle Grease, Blacking and all impurities from the hands, it is unequalled, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

For Sale by all Grocers.

Factory, Wollaston, Mass.

50c. a Box,
4 weeks treatment,
FREE

**DON'T BE
SO THIN.**

OX-BLOOD Tablets for Thin-
Blooded People.

WILL PRODUCE FLESH.

Equal Pure Blood of Bullock.

Thin People Gain 10 lbs. a Month.

They cure Indigestion and Nervousness.
Pleasant to take and harmless to the system.

Agents Wanted. We furnish you
\$5 worth of goods, to be paid for when
sold. We give you a 50c. box FREE for
yourself, to induce you to look into our
offer to agents. No soliciting to be done.
We refer customers to you for the goods.
All we ask is that you send 25c. in postage
for expense on sending the outfit. We
send goods prepaid.

Do not wait, but write us today, and
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Box 2. CLARINDA, IOWA.



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**Boston
Polish**

Is the Best Finish Made for

Floors, Interior

Bowling Alleys, and Furniture.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

BUTCHER POLISH COMPANY, 356 Atlantic Av.

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Circulars sent on application.

For Sale by Dealers in Painters' Supplies.



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WANTED**

To sell our Toilet Soaps and
Perfumes. Free present to
every purchaser. Liberal cash
commissions or handsome
premiums if preferred. Write
to-day for our NEW PLAN
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SALVONA SOAP CO.,

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AGENTS WANTED

TO SELL

**The Eureka
Incandescent Gasoline
Lamp**



It Lights with a Single Match

**No Alcohol Torch Needed
PERFECTLY SAFE**

GIVES 5 times as much light as Acetylene.

6 times as much as Electricity.

10 times as much as Kerosene.

100 times as much as a Candle.

With gasoline at 10 cts. per gal. it only costs one cent for six hours of elegant light. Makes no odor, no grease, no smoke, but little heat, and requires no wick. Permitted by Board of Insurance Underwriters. Agents wanted in every town. Exclusive territory given to hustling agents. All lamps guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Write today for catalogue and prices.

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FASHIONABLE FURNITURE



We Sell a Very Good Desk for \$6.

This one costs a little more than that. It would do you good to see
our fine

Mahogany Chamber Sets

as well as those made of Oak. We have

Parlor Suits, Carpets, Odd Pieces in
White Enamel, Hall Stands, Dining-
Room Sets, Book Cases,
in fact everything to furnish a house.

Our Low Prices Will Surprise You.

SPECIAL—As an extra inducement to National Magazine readers we will deliver all goods **FREE** within one hundred miles of Boston, to those who mention the magazine when buying.

A. McARTHUR & CO., 16 to 26 Cornhill, BOSTON.

(TWO DOORS FROM WASHINGTON STREET.)

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The Most Complete Stock of
Wall Papers in New England

If you are going to paper one room or an entire house, it will
pay you to see our stock before purchasing. 10 per cent. dis-
count allowed on your purchase on presenting this advertisement.

**THOMAS F. SWAN, 12 CORNHILL,
BOSTON.**

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Pioneer
Limited.

Famous
Train
of
the
World.

Chicago—St. Paul—Minneapolis.

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THE ST. PAUL ROAD.

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Equipment and Service
Unequaled.

Time tables, maps and information furnished
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Drop a postal card today for a beautiful
Souvenir Catalogue of the world famous

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Instruments. We will inclose with it (free) a copy of this prize poster "Mr. Bunny." Size 12x18 inches, five colors. Washburns are most reasonable in price and supply exquisite enjoyment for a lifetime. Without a rival for tone or workmanship. Used by all leading artists and sold by best dealers. Manufactured by



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144 Adams St., Chicago.

THE TRAVELER'S FRIEND



An ALUMINUM CASE containing a Cake of "DISINFECTINE" SOAP
MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THE TRAVELER.

GUARANTEED —TO— PREVENT CONTAGION AND CURE SKIN DISEASES

If you want to feel clean use "Disinfectine," the modern medicated soap.
Aluminum Case with Cake of "Disinfectine" Soap by mail, postpaid, 25 cents.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Disinfectine Co., Canton, O.

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My plan of combining shares in Dividend-paying Companies with those in good, well-managed non-dividend payers is as **safe** as a **Savings Bank**. In each combination the Dividend Payers will earn 10 per cent, or more, on the whole investment, and the others will pay dividends soon, increasing your **income** materially. I have investigated thoroughly and selected the choicest of rich, well managed, developed working **Gold Mines**, because **Gold** is the world's money, good everywhere and never depreciates. My combination plan is meeting with great favor. If you wish to invest even a small amount, write to me and I will explain clearly why my plan brings you larger income than any other, and why it is termed—**SAFE—IMPROVING—PROFITABLE.**

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FOR THE TOILET TOILET PREPARATION

POSITIVELY does away with the use of Dandruff Cures, Hair Oils, Cosmetics, Cold Creams, Skin Foods, Shaving Soaps, Toilet Soaps, Medicinal Soaps, and Complexion Remedies. A simple but marvelous preparation which prevents baldness, dandruff, loss, dryness or premature grayness of the hair, the spread of disease, etc. Does its work instantaneously.

LATOILA

A few drops on the hair and a wonderful shampoo is instantly produced.
A few drops on a sponge and you have a lather for the bath.
A few drops in a clean shaving mug, stirred with a moist brush, produces shaving lather immediately.
 Invaluable to actors and actresses for cleaning up after the performance.
 Cleanses the skin as you never saw it done by soap.
 LATOILA is perfect skin food, supplying the oil it demands to prevent dryness, chapping, and other unsightly effects. It supplies to the hair the oil required to make it soft and wavy, instead of dry, stiff and unmanageable. Barbers and hairdressers are delighted with it.

Miss Marie Schultz, New York, says:

"My hair had been coming out so rapidly that I was greatly worried. Nothing I could find that was recommended for the hair did any good. After three shampoos with Latoila it stopped coming out, the irritation and itching was gone and my hair was in fine condition. I recommend it to everyone — man or woman — for the hair and bath."

DELIGHTFUL — FRAGRANT — ANTISEPTIC — CLEANSING

Sold by Druggists at 50c. a Bottle.

Or send four cents in stamps for large sample, or 50 cents for regular size bottle,— charges prepaid; extra large bottle, one dollar. Address, plainly,

THE LATOILA COMPANY, 1133 Broadway, New York City.

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Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller

**Makes, Keeps
and Restores
Beauty in Nature's
Own Way.**



THE cup-shaped teeth have a suction effect on the skin that smooths out wrinkles, rounds out the beauty muscles, and gives perfect circulation of the blood.

It is so constructed that it treats every portion of the face and neck perfectly, even to the "crow's feet" in the corners of the eyes.

A Jar of Skin Food GIVEN with every Roller.

For sale by all dealers or mailed upon receipt of price, 50c.

Rubber Catalogue free, Agents wanted

C. J. BAILEY & CO.,

23 Boylston St., BOSTON, MASS.

Be sure and mention The National Magazine.

McMENAMIN'S DEVEILED



CRABS

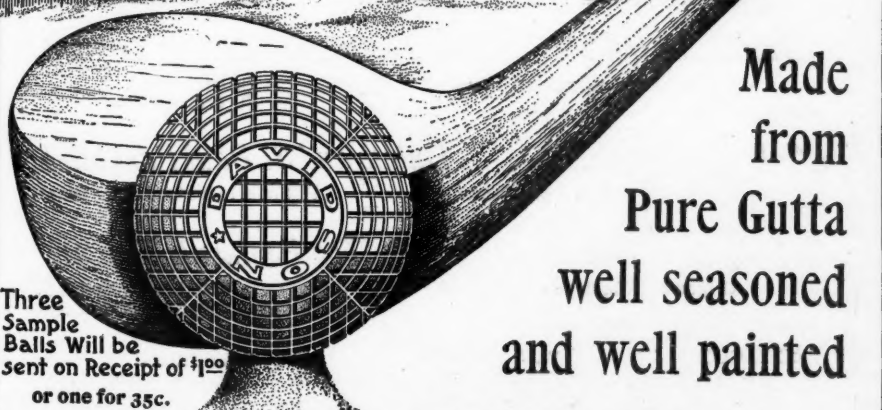
12 Deveiled Crabs in
Or 12 in al Shells, as
fresh as when taken
from the Ocean, for
35c.

Sold by leading grocers and served on the best family tables and by first-class cafes, hotels and clubs everywhere. Send for our small but valuable Brochure (which will be sent you complimentary) telling how to prepare this splendid food in forms ranging from the palate-delighting crab toast to the world-famous Farciated Crabs a la Hampton. Write to-day to 337 Highland Ave., and we will tell you where you can get them.

McMENAMIN & CO., Hampton, Va.

BANKING ADP Co.

Davidson Golf Ball



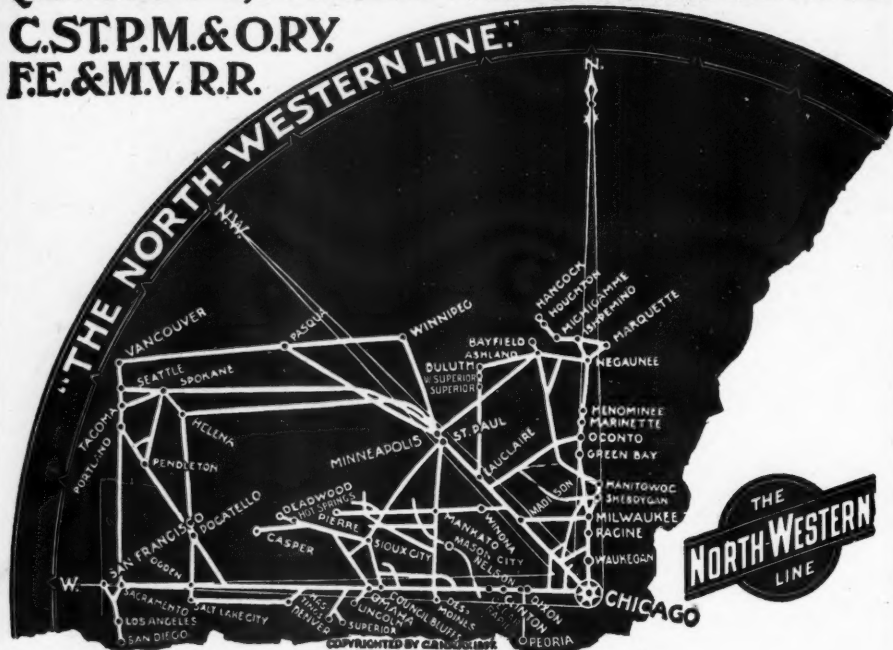
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Sample
Balls Will be
sent on Receipt of \$1.00
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One night to Denver

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From Darkness to Light

Habit is strong; the mind is stronger. An awakening intellect makes the will that breaks an unnatural habit, and in the choice of food brings us from darkness to light. To be mentally and physically sound we must eat natural food. In the Whole Wheat nature has provided such a food; that is, food that **CONTAINS all the PROPERTIES in CORRECT PROPORTION NECESSARY to NOURISH EVERY ELEMENT of the HUMAN ORGANISM.**

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

is Wheat, whole wheat and nothing but the wheat, made palatable and digestible for man's use.
You will live in the light of natural conditions if you use it.

Sold by All Grocers. Send for "The Vital Question" cook book (free).

Address
THE NATURAL FOOD CO.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.



THE TRIUMPH OF FOOD WISDOM



The famous O'Sullivan Golf Heels and Soles, which have been considered by sportsmen as instrumental in making any shoe better than the factory-made golf shoe, have been improved this season. The knobs have been made flat to satisfy the demand of critical trade. Ask the dealer for the improved O'Sullivan Golf Heels and Soles, unless the round knobs will do you.

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ON RECEIPT OF PRICE,

\$3.25

we will send four full quart bottles of WONDERLY'S 10-year old PURE RYE WHISKEY to any address, Express prepaid.

We guarantee this brand to be of the best quality, and that it will satisfy the most fastidious taste.

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CATARRRH—Head, Nose, Throat; the Triplex cure is a common sense treatment; particulars free. Box N., Rogers Remedy Co., LaCrosse, Wis.

100 VISITING CARDS and an aluminum or real leather card case. 50c, postpaid: 25 sheets fine note paper with any embossed initial and 25 envelopes, 50c postpaid. Stamps accepted. N. Leroy Engraving Co., 4th and Chestnut, Phila. Pa. Prompt delivery. M1

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PEOPLE wanting a harmless, sure, quick cure for hemorrhoids or piles, will find **PAINLESS ONE-NIGHT PILE CURE** a perfect remedy. Adopted by physicians everywhere and the Notre Dame Ind. Unversity. **30 cents, postpaid.**

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throws the weight of the body forward, the abdomen recedes, the waist is lengthened, the bust is thrown forward, the hose are supported both back and front, the action is a wonder, and makes a decided change in an imperfect figure, and gives comfort to the wearer. Endorsed by the best medical authority. Price in black or white, \$1.00 postpaid, (give easy waist measure over corset,) or send stamp for circular telling you who are wearing it, and what they say of its merit.

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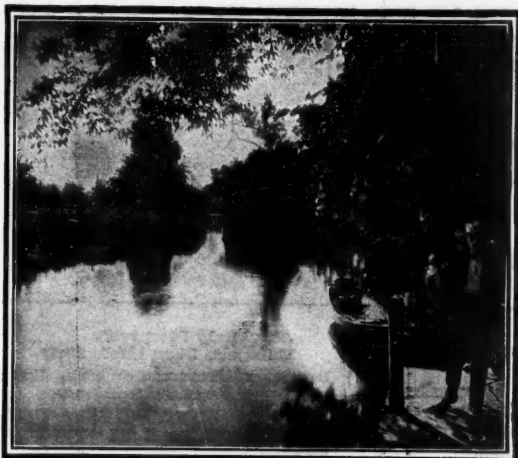
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But your face looks like an EGYPTIAN OBE- LISK—carved all over with aged hieroglyphics—easily deciphered, viz., "Skin Tighteners," "Rollers," "Sheet Wrinklers," Lotions, Massage, Cosmetics, etc. Monumental Testimony to Victimized Beauty!! Wipe out this "Ancient History" with an "AMERICAN BEAUTY" Mask. It will give you a skin soft and fine as white velvet. Results guaranteed. Booklet 4c.

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Write for —

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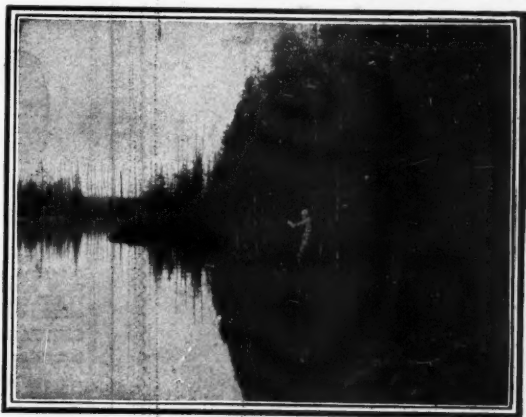
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If you suffer from Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Itch, Ivy Poison, Acne, or other skin troubles,

Hydrozone

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Cures sunburn in 24 hours. In cases of Prickly Heat and Hives it will stop itching at once, also will relieve mosquito bites.

Hydrozone is a scientific Germicide. Used and endorsed by leading physicians. It is absolutely harmless, yet most powerful healing agent.

As these diseases are caused by parasites, killing them without causing injury to the sufferer, naturally cures the trouble.

Sold by leading druggists.

FREE to any one sending me 10c. to cover actual postage, will send a bottle containing sufficient to prove to your entire satisfaction the claims here made. Pamphlet sent free. Address

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When you go to
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Stop at the

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The accommodations are
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**Absolutely Fireproof.
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Don't pay exorbitant rates at old hotels. Here we offer
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MODERATE RATES

Travellers arriving by any of the Ferries, Ocean Steamers,
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to 59th Street, from which the Hotel Empire is only one
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From Grand Central Station take cars marked Broadway
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All cars pass the Empire.

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GRADUATED MASSEUR
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THE BLOMQUIST SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL EXERCISES



Gives the only true and scientific
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the muscular system, nervous ex-
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based upon a complete knowledge
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separate purpose in the Blomqvist
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movements. Other systems do
not exceed twenty-five separate movements and the one
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only does this system cure any deformity
of the body, but it corrects irregularity
in the outlines of the body. References
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Write for full information. Consult
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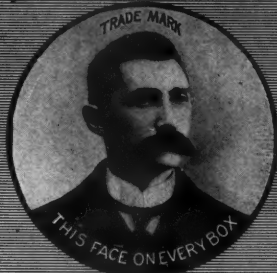
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TOILET POWDER

**Delightful After Bathing. A Luxury After Shaving.
Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion.**

A positive relief for **PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUN-
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and sweaty feet it has no equal. Removes all odor of
perspiration. Get **MENNEN'S** (the original), a little higher
in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there
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Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free.)
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



**BAILEY'S
Pneumatic
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are extreme in excellence
Send for FREE steel
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5-Size Sterling 3-4 actual size, Price \$1.50

Perfect in style, finish and writing quality. Every pen fully guaranteed. Our pens embody
all that is latest and best in modern fountain pen construction. In variety of sizes, styles and
points we can suit the most particular. Catalog upon request.

**Sterling Fountain Pen Co., Davidson Rubber Co., Proprietors
19 MILK STREET**

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SLEEPING CAR
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**NEW YORK to PORTLAND
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CONNECTING WITH
PARLOR CAR SERVICE

— TO —

All White Mountain Points,
Poland Spring,
Belgrade Lakes,

The Rangely Lakes,
White Oak Hill Spring,
All Parts of Maine Coast.

Send for Folders and Booklets of all these resorts. Address

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THE
National Shawmut Bank
OF BOSTON.

JUNE 30, 1902

Capital	-	-	\$3,500,000.00
Liability of Shareholders	-	-	3,500,000.00
Surplus and Profits	-	-	2,673,623.40
TOTAL	-	-	\$9,673,623.40
Deposits	-	-	\$51,860,681.03

**Solicits accounts of merchants, corporations,
trustees and individuals.**

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED.

We will send you **FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES** of **HAYNER'S SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE** for **\$3.20**, and we will pay the express charges. Try it and if you don't find it all right and as good as you ever drank or can buy from anybody else at any price, then send it back at our expense and your \$3.20 will be returned to you by next mail. How could an offer be fairer? We take all the risk and stand all the expense, if you're not satisfied. Won't you let us send you a trial order? We ship in a plain sealed case; no marks to show what's inside.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for \$4.00 by EXPRESS PREPAID or 20 Quarts for \$16.00 by FREIGHT PREPAID.

Direct from our distillery to YOU

HAYNER WHISKEY

4 FULL QUARTS \$3.20

EXPRESS CHARGES PAID BY US.

DO YOU SUPPOSE that a company, with a capital of \$500,000.00 paid in full and the proud reputation of 36 years of continuous success, would make such an offer and not carry it out to the letter?

DO YOU SUPPOSE we would jeopardize our standing with the public and our chances of still greater success by failing to fulfil any promise we make?

DO YOU SUPPOSE we would make such an offer if we did not have the utmost confidence in the satisfying quality of our goods?

WE KNOW we can please you and save you money, for **HAYNER WHISKEY** goes direct from our distillery to you, with all its original richness and flavor, carrying a **UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER'S GUARANTEE of PURITY and AGE** and saving you the big profits of the dealers. That's why it's best for medicinal and other uses. That's why we have over a quarter of a million satisfied customers. That's why **YOU** should send us a trial order. Write our nearest office and do it **NOW**.

ESTABLISHED
1866.

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DISTILLERY,
TROY, OHIO.



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"A LIFE INSURANCE SWINDLER"

Such was the headline in one of our larger city dailies of about a year ago. *** An agent of a reputable company had secured the application, and the money, and had delivered the policy of insurance to a half dozen leading business men, and now months afterward another agent makes known to them the facts—their policies were worth less than one third what they had been led to suppose. *They had been swindled!*

Insurance men come across similar cases daily. But you need not fall into any such snare if you will but take Life Insurance by correspondence.

By my system of Correspondence I am able to thoroughly explain the practical points of a life insurance contract to the understanding of any one, and I am able to select for my patrons a policy suited to the individual needs of each. The plans are simply detailed, and in ten minutes you will have a thorough understanding of the plan you desire.

By my plan you act at your convenience, when your own business is not occupying your attention.

You are able to determine what you want, and you know the advantages of the plan upon which your insurance is to be issued.—YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT!

TAKE LIFE INSURANCE BY CORRESPONDENCE

Write for my Special Blank, and for other information

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531-532-533 WELLS BUILDING, - - MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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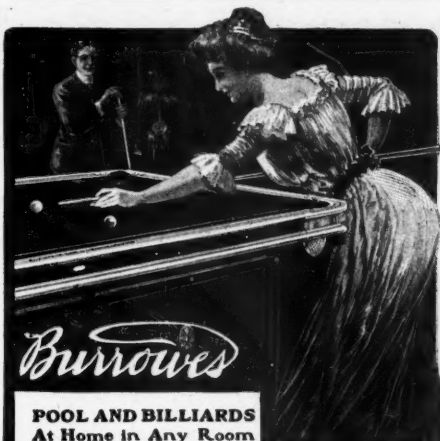
Not only OPERATES in Ohio,
Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky,

2,400 Miles

of the best constructed and
finest equipped railroad in
America, but also maintains
magnificent through train
service in connection with
the New York Central, Bos-
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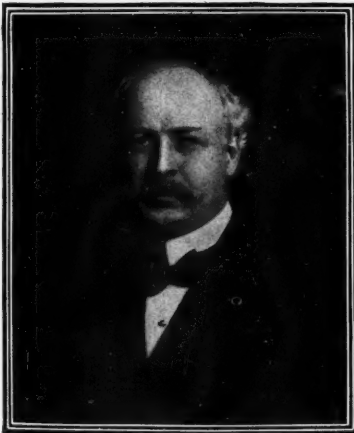
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\$15 to \$40. SIZES, 5, 6, and 8 1/2 Feet
WEIGHT, 20 to 60 Pounds

For Pool, Billiards, Balletto, Tenpins, etc.—21 Games

Recently improved. Place on dining or library table, or on
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mahogany frame; bed of laminated wood, steel braced, cannot
warp; green broadcloth cover, best rubber and steel cushions,
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Sent on Trial. Write for booklet and colored plates, free; also
for name of your local dealer. Ask for description of our Super-
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Also m'trs Burrowes Rustless Insect Screens, Made to Order.



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The Master Specialist of Chicago, who Cures Varicocele.
Established 1880.

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What I have done for others I can do for you. I CAN CURE You at Home.

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Write me your condition fully and you will receive
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Varicocele Hydrocele

**Cured to Stay Cured in 5 Days.
No Cutting or Pain. Guaranteed
Cure or Money Refunded.**

VARICOCELE Under my treatment this in-
sidious disease rapidly disap-
pears. Pain ceases almost instantly. The stagnant
blood is driven from the dilated veins and all soreness
and swelling subsides. Every indication of Varicocele
vanishes and in its stead comes the pleasure of perfect
health. Many ailments are reflex, originating from
other diseases. For instance, innumerable blood
and nervous diseases result from poisonous taints in the
system. Varicocele if neglected will undermine the
physical strength and depress the mental faculties,
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complicated results. In treating diseases of men I
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Health is really nothing more than perfect balance; equilibrium of the system. The words "feeling a little off" describe a very real and very common condition.

Maybe you cannot define it; but you know what it is; languid; without energy of mind or body; incapable of work, or the work goes heavily. It may seem a trifling thing — better not think so; it may be worse before it's better.

It is easier to restore a balance that's "a little off" than when it's a good deal.

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The "Best" Tonic

is an ideal balance-restorer; it is food and drink together; tonic without false stimulation. Beware of cheap malts; they are harmful.

You should try it for balance-keeping and restoring, for strength-making and preserving. There is nothing like it.

Buy it of any druggist.

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Illustrated descriptive pamphlet (containing complete maps) have been issued under the following titles, and will be mailed upon receipt of 2 CENTS in stamps for each book.

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and explain **why** the Swoboda System is different and better than any other and infinitely superior to drugs and medicines I know you would be convinced, and being convinced that I can turn lassitude into energy; feebleness into strength; ill health into robust health; mental sluggishness into activity, and insomnia into sound, healthful sleep, by my system, you would place yourself under my direction. To simmer the matter down to its lowest terms I haven't a doubt but thousands of intelligent men and women who really need my help to restore normal conditions, have read my advertisements time and again and would have long ago adopted my system **had they believed that what I claim is true.**

If **you** have any doubt on the subject, I want you to write saying so and I'll send you a long list of names and addresses of men and women who have been restored to perfect manhood and womanhood by the use of my system, people who are above the breath of suspicion—clergymen, professional men and women, and honorable business men. More than this, I will send you the postage to write to as many of these people as you care to, and postage to enclose for a reply.

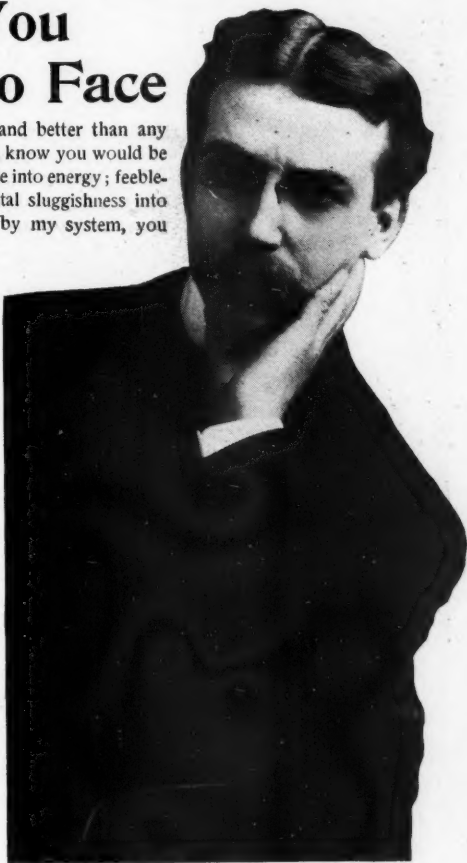
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I know and I want **you** to know that my system, if followed faithfully, first relieves the human organism of poison and impurities by producing healthy digestion and assimilation, and relieving constipation, and after that revitalizes the exhausted nerves, sends rich red blood coursing and tingling to every capillary and extremity, puts good sound muscle where muscle is needed, removes fat, gives erectness of carriage and springiness and grace to the walk—stimulates and builds up the tired brain, paints the cheek with the flush of robust health; builds up undeveloped parts, and in fact fits man, woman or child to Nature's perfect mould. I can do all this for you, as I have for hundreds of others, because my system is based on Nature's laws—the results are as natural and inevitable as the cycle of the planets.

Mr. C. O. Prouse, a leading attorney of Hopkinsville, Ky., writes under date of Oct. 5, 1901.

"Allow me to thank you for your kindness for the past two months and for your instructions, which have been to me one of the richest blessings that I have ever received. At the time of beginning your exercises I was simply a nervous wreck—was constipated and suffered intensely with indigestion; was easily overtaxed when attempting work of any kind, and seemed almost impossible to recuperate without leaving off for months all mental and physical labor, but, thanks to you, I was enabled without medicine of any description (something I had not done for over two years), to keep up my work and at the same time increase my weight and general health until now—only two months—I feel like a new man; am now healthy, strong and tireless. Now I do not know how to be tired, as the exercise you give seems to rest me instead of tiring—it acts like a stimulant to a tired body.

"It does me a great deal of good to say that I



have forgotten the taste of 'pepsin' and such other medicines for a weak stomach or digestive organs, and that *I eat anything I want*. I can heartily recommend your system of exercise to anyone that desires a good physical condition—a condition that when the mind is tired and needs the night's rest, restful sleep will be his reward.

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How to massage yourself—at home. How to give health to the skin—attain a clear, clean, velvety complexion. How to develop beautiful features. Our complete course in massaging with illustrated chart describing every movement sent **FREE** to any reader of this paper. Also a booklet on personal beauty sent **FREE**. Address

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WE speak especially of our Ladies' Suit and Coat Department, wherein are garments made entirely by men tailors, which is essential to the perfection of fit, finish and contour in this day of "Tailor Made" Costumes.

ADJACENT to this Department is our Ladies' Garment Annex, wherein are shown waists, Dressing Saques, Tea Gowns and Negligee Apparel.

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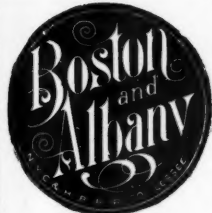
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Price, Twenty-five Cents, of all Druggists.

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WILL APPEAR

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Therefore, he hath given to his faithful servants, representing the leading transportation lines entering St. Louis, the privilege of inviting their friends from far and near to participate in the magnificent celebration of his entrance into the city and occupation thereof from the sixth to the eleventh of October, 1902.

Given under his hand and seal this fourth day of August, 1902.

Imperial Secretary

Send your address to any of the following special representatives of the Veiled Prophet, and you will receive an invitation from His Majesty, giving a complete programme of special events arranged for the Veiled Prophet Festival, with complete information in regard to cost of attendance.

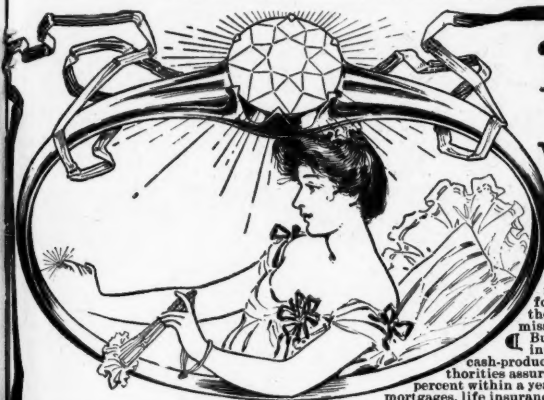
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ST. LOUIS

IN HIS BELOVED CITY of ST. LOUIS OCT. 7TH 1902.

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❑ We want to send you our new booklet which explains all. It shows you how you can establish a credit with one of the largest houses in one of the largest cities of the world; how you can buy a Diamond and exchange it years after for the full amount originally paid; how you can wear a fifty-dollar Diamond at a cost of less than ten cents per week; how we can give the strongest written guarantee with every Diamond, that a responsible house ever issued, and hundreds of other facts which make our book worth its weight in gold to any intending purchaser. Write to-day to insure the prompt mailing of a copy from the first edition, and address Dept. 4-P.

Lofis Bros. & Co., Diamond Importers and Manufacturing Jewelers.
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AGATE
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NICKEL-STEEL WARE

(burned in the enamel) are SAFE.
NO has ever been found in the enamel of
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The BLUE LABEL,
Protected by Decision of U. S. Court, pasted on every piece,
PROVES IT.
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A High Grade Standard Typewriter

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Is a "type basket" machine with universal keyboard, stationary carriage, and platen shift, and is equipped with every device to facilitate rapid & accurate work.

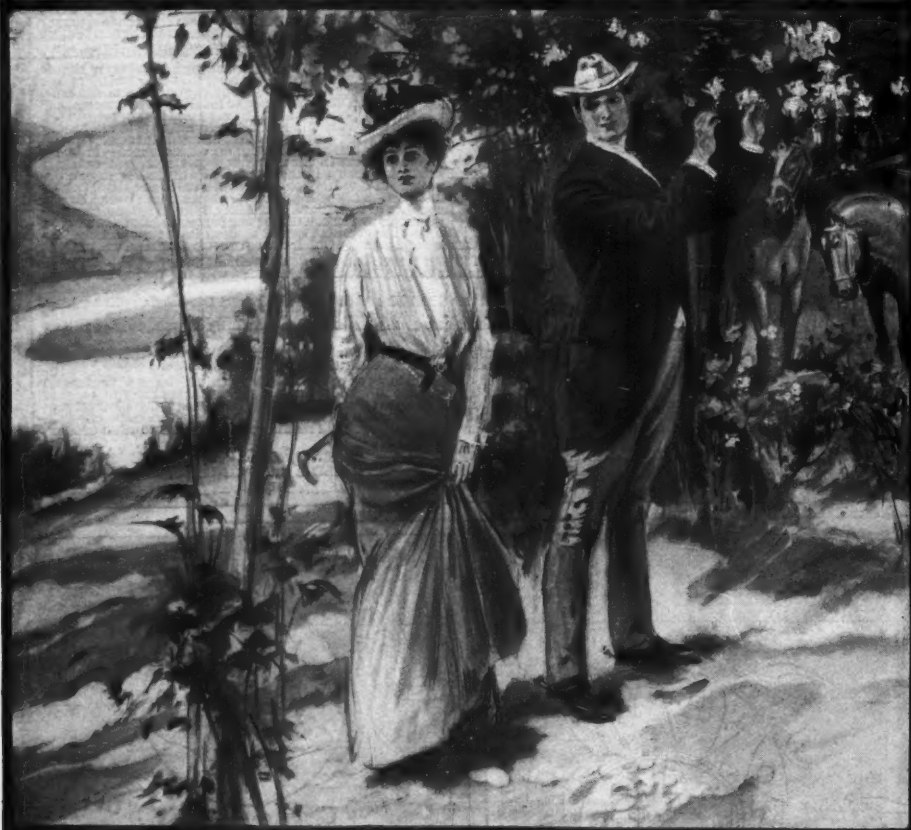
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It stands without an equal in DESIRABLE features.
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PIMPLES, RASH, CLOGGED PORES,
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HEALS AND KEEPS SMOOTH AND SOFT
THE MOST SENSITIVE SKIN. IN FACT,
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I am authorized to offer a limited amount of the Treasury Stock at the opening price of 10 cents per share (par value of shares \$1.00 each). This lot will soon go, after which the price will be advanced. I strongly advise my friends and clients to send in their subscriptions at once.

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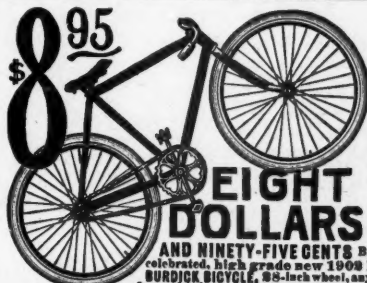
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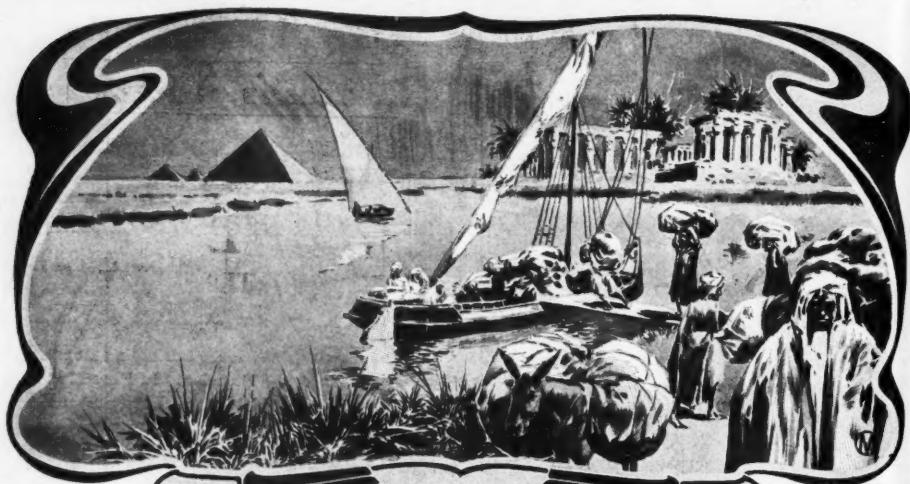


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